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A FUTILE AND DISGRACEFUL EXHIBITION

On Tuesday night of last week two hundred and twenty women in London succeeded in getting themselves arrested by concerted acts of petty disorder and the wanton destruction of property. Early in the evening a meeting of women was held in a centrally located hall. After listening to fiery speeches and adopting a denunciatory resolution the body of women set out to march to the Houses of Parliament with the intention of forcing their way to the floor of the House of Commons and presenting their resolution to the leaders of the Government. There had been nothing secret about the plans for the evening, and the authorities were thoroughly prepared to cope with the situation. As soon as the procession left the hall it was quietly broken up by the police into little groups of three or four, who found it necessary to proceed to Westminster without reuniting. About the Houses of Parliament was drawn up a cordon of police a thousand or more in number. Against this rampart the little groups of women flung themselves in vain. With all good nature and gentleness, the police pushed them back, or, when they became too insistent, passed them through the line to other officers who forthwith conducted them to the police station. While these futile assaults were being made, other women were engaged in smashing windows. With stones and hammers they shattered pane after pane of glass in the Government buildings up and down Parliament Street, in the National Liberal Club, and even in a hotel, a restaurant, a newspaper office, and shops along the Strand. The police were so well prepared and handled the women so well that at no time was there any possibility that they would succeed in penetrating to the House of Commons. The purpose of this assault upon law and order and the rights of property was a protest against the refusal of the Prime Minister to go as far as the militant Suffragettes desired in promising facilities for the discussion of woman suffrage legislation at the next session of Parliament. The occasion of the protest was a declaration by Mr. Asquith that at the session of Parliament next year a bill would be introduced by the Government to provide for manhood suffrage. At the same time he announced that the bill would be introduced in such form that amendments extending the suffrage to women might be made when the bill was before the Commons, if the majority in the Commons were in favor of it. The leaders of the militant suffrage party immediately declared that they rejected "with contempt the proposal that women should depend for their enfranchisement upon the mere amendment to the Reform Bill." Their demand was that the Government "take full responsibility for enfranchising women." The demand was absurd. To insist that a Prime Minister should make a Government measure of a bill upon which his Cabinet is divided, and with the principle of which he does not himself agree, is not only foolish but dangerous, not only improper but immoral. Such a demand, if acceded to, would put a premium upon political insincerity. The methods which the Suffragettes took to protest against the rejection of their unjustifiable demand were even worse than the demand itself. When women, in their desire to obtain a political end, lay aside their womanhood and adopt the rôle of the rowdy and the hooligan, they destroy not only sympathy for their cause, but respect for their womanhood. They forfeit their right to the consideration which men and society pay to women. They thrust upon society the necessity of treating them as rowdies and hooligans. We cannot believe that these hysterical attacks upon policemen and this reckless destruction of public and private property will avail to advance the cause of woman

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suffrage. Nor do we believe that they represent the sentiment of more than a small fraction of the women of England.

A STATE WHICH PUNISHES PATENT MEDICINE LIARS

Shall manufacturers of patent medicines be permitted to sell their remedies under labels which contain false or deceptive claims of curative power? Shall, for instance, a manufacturer be permitted to sell to the public a secret compound as a cure for cancer, as a cure for consumption, or as a panacea for any one of a dozen serious but entirely unrelated diseases? The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that, in passing the Pure Food and Drugs Act, Congress did not prohibit the making of such false or misleading claims of curative power by drug manufacturers. It should be noted in passing that the Court expressed no opinion as to the power of Congress to enact such a prohibition; the Court merely decided that Congress had not enacted such a prohibition. Under the Act, if a manufacturer make any false or misleading statement as to the nature or constituents of the medicine itself, he is punished. But the same manufacturer may with impunity make any claim he pleases as to what his medicine will do, asserting, if he will, that it will cure anything from a cold in the head to leprosy. They have done things differently, however, in Kentucky. There is before us a copy of a circular letter addressed by a bureau of the State Government to manufacturers and others whose patent medicines are being sold in the State. The letter calls the attention of the recipient to the provision of the Kentucky Food and Drugs Act prohibiting the sale of any drug or medicine labeled or in any manner represented or sold so as to mislead the purchaser, not only as to the quality or purity of the remedy, but as to its *medicinal value.* The letter further declares that since the decision by the Supreme Court of the United States (to which we have already referred) there is a growing violation of the Kentucky Act, and directs the recipient of the letter to file with the Bureau all labels, circulars, and advertisements and other means by which representation is made concerning the quality, purity, or medicinal value of such of his goods as are sold in Kentucky. The State of Kentucky is to be congratulated upon its determination that unscrupulous manufacturers of patent medicines shall not be allowed, by lying about the curative properties of their remedies, to make capital out of the fears and hopes of sufferers from disease within that State. We are strongly inclined to believe that Congress, when it passed the National Food and Drugs Act, intended to give expression to the same determination. The Supreme Court, however, has decided that, whether it had the determination or not, it did not give legal expression to it. One of the most important duties before the coming session of Congress is to amend the National Food and Drugs Act so that the unscrupulous drug manufacturer may no more lie about what his drug will accomplish than he may now lie about the materials which it contains.

TRIAL BY JURY ON TRIAL

In Los Angeles County, California, the extraordinary and, we believe, unprecedented delay in obtaining a jury for the trial of J. B. McNamara has raised the question the country over whether trial by jury in sensational criminal cases must be abandoned. The opinion has been widely expressed that such cases as this show that common sense and broad justice to the people as well as to the prisoner demand that such cases be tried before a board of judges. The institution of trial by jury never contemplated such prolonged cross-examination of jurymen, such rejection on remote or trivial causes, as has been seen so often in American criminal cases. Nor would such methods be tolerated a moment to-day in England. The law never intended that every member of the jury should be ideally impartial, and even California's law, which gives great latitude to counsel, provides for accepting talesmen who have confessed to a previous prejudice or opinion founded on hearsay, newspaper report, or common notoriety, if they declare their willingness and ability to lay aside such prejudice or opinion. Justice Bordwell, in the McNamara case, has so ruled. But even with this view on the part of the Justice, the difficulty of obtaining jurymen has been almost beyond belief. Fundamentally, the question is whether the man McNamara is or is not guilty of murder, but there has been an effort to inject into the case industrial prejudice and hatred, and even political motive. As a result, in the first eighteen court days nine tentative jurors were obtained, only two of them acceptable alike to both sides. The defense has twenty peremptory challenges. In order to allege bias of the jury as a ground of appeal, it

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must use them all. So long as one peremptory challenge remains unused, error in the selection of the jury cannot be part of the plea on appeal. The prosecution likewise expects to bring into play all of its ten peremptory challenges. Thus, with a jury of twelve men and two alternates, thirty-five more men must be accepted by the Court tentatively before the box is filled after the thirty peremptory challenges have been used. At the rate of progress made in the first twenty-four days of the trial, almost four months in all will be required before the jury is complete. The actual introduction of evidence would therefore, at that rate of progress, commence in January, 1912. The extraordinary aspects of this case do not cease at this point. So firmly convinced is the Court of the trial's unprecedented duration that, for the first time in the judicial history of California, two alternate jurors will be selected to sit with the other twelve and serve in case of sickness or death among the original panel. Like the process of selecting the jury, the actual trial will be of unusual length. Three hundred and fifty witnesses from all parts of the country have been summoned by the prosecution alone. The defense, in its turn, expects to place two hundred witnesses on the stand. A special correspondent of The Outlook, who has been present at the trial, and who will later give our readers what we feel confident will prove a clear and unprejudiced account of this remarkable prosecution, writes us: "The California law, closely following the provisions of the New York code in other respects, disqualifies from jury service all men except property-owners whose names appear upon the assessment roll. In Los Angeles County the judges of the Superior Court select the names of the taxpayers from whose ranks the juries shall be drawn throughout the year. The disqualification of all persons without taxable property, together with the spread of partisan feeling into all strata of the population, explains the frequent challenges interposed by the defense. Aside from the inordinately long examinations, constant delays are being caused by the conscientious scruples of many veniremen against the infliction of the death penalty, particularly upon circumstantial evidence. A score of men were passed by the defense after tedious hours of interrogation in each case, only to be disqualified upon this ground by the prosecution. In many instances it seemed as though these humane scruples had been of very recent origin, probably called into being by the prospect of long confinement awaiting the jurors. . . . It is safe to predict, though, that in the end the defense, and perhaps the prosecution also, will be as dissatisfied with the result of three months' picking and choosing as they would be had the jury, by an exercise of the Court's discretionary power, been obtained in three weeks." All of which goes to show that the jurists of our States, and perhaps of California in particular, would do well to study the jury methods of English courts and find a way by which the trial of the jurymen should not be almost as severe as the trial of the prisoner; some way by which justice can be done to the accused and to the people without the grossest injustice and hardship to the man who is unhappy enough to be called as a juryman.

THE SECRETARY OF WAR AND THE PANAMA CANAL

As the Panama Canal is under the direction of the War Department, whatever the Secretary of War may say about the Canal policy is of vital importance. On November 14 Secretary Stimson made an address before the Commercial Club of Kansas City, in which he outlined his belief as to what should be the general policy of the United States in the administration of the Canal when it is completed. He first pointed out the danger, which is a very real one, we regret to say, that we Americans through our own neglect may find "ourselves with the Canal already on our hands and no provision made for its operation." The whole country is proud of the National efficiency which has been shown in the creation and building of the Canal, and as time goes on, and the Canal in operation proves itself to be one of the great public works of history, this American pride will be justified, if one danger is avoided. If we make a botch in managing it as a great commercial waterway, the pride may turn into shame. In order that this may not happen it behooves every citizen to take some intelligent and, as far as he can, some active influence in framing the legislation which is necessary to provide high standards and efficiency for the administration of the Canal. The chief points which Secretary Stimson made in the address were: First, the permanent Canal Zone government should be an executive or administrative government rather than an attempt to form a local republic; second,

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legislation should be promptly enacted in regard to tolls; third, the complete power of the United States to remit by reappropriation to American vessels the Canal tolls which would otherwise be paid by them should be demonstrated; fourth, there is danger that the transcontinental railway may try to throttle Canal competition, a danger which might be met by extending the power of the Inter-State Commerce Commission to the regulation of trans-Isthmian freight rates; and, finally, any legislation with regard to tolls should leave the administrative power to the President, so that he may be able to act promptly and flexibly in the light of all these different conditions of the problem. With four of Secretary Stimson's recommendations we are in complete and hearty agreement. Congress should at once take up the question of tolls, should make the administration of the Canal part of the executive branch of government, should insure reasonable freight rates by employing the agency of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and should give the President of the United States the power to remit or apply tolls in special exigencies for the National benefit. With regard to the third point, it is undoubtedly true, as Secretary Stimson believes, that the United States has the power to discriminate against foreign vessels which use the Canal by remitting the tolls upon American vessels. We hope, however, that it will not exercise that right except in the coastwise trade, although that trade is probably already sufficiently protected by our coastwise navigation laws. It seems to us that there is every reason why an American vessel carrying a cargo from New York to Bombay, Hongkong, or Tokyo should pay the same tolls that an English vessel is required to pay in carrying a cargo through the Panama Canal from London to those same ports.

ASSASSINATION AND FINANCE

The murder last week of President Caceres, of Santo Domingo, has as much to do with the American oversight of Santo Dominican finance as the assassination of President Garfield by Guiteau had to do with the international relations between the United States and Great Britain. Yet the New York "Sun" ironically laments that the assassination did not "come within the purview of the new arrangement," and quotes, with an air of final and crushing disapproval, Mr. Roosevelt's remark: "Revolutions could go on outside the custom-houses without interference from us, but the custom-houses were not to be touched." Precisely so; and we may be thankful that we are not called upon to interfere in Santo Dominican revolutions unless American life or large interests are threatened. President Caceres was murdered by a personal enemy who was also a political malcontent. The uncertainty of life in high politics in Santo Domingo is illustrated by the fact—we quote the New York "Sun"—that Caceres himself "killed President Ulises Heureaux in cold blood, but Heureaux had brought about his father's death." Previous to this assassination there has been no serious trouble in Santo Domingo since the United States undertook to control the financial situation there in the interest of foreign creditors and in the interest also of the taxpayers themselves. From that time on, as all admit, the country has experienced greater prosperity than it has ever known before; the debt has been placed on a stable basis; and, if we are rightly informed, the Government and people have actually more money to spend on home affairs than they had when they were refusing to pay either principal or interest on their just debts. We repeat here what Mr. Roosevelt said last spring in an editorial in The Outlook, that no nation has "ever acted with more wise helpfulness than we acted when we put Santo Domingo on its financial feet by insuring the honest collection of the revenues and their administration in equal parts for the payment of Government expenses and for the payment of creditors."

THE GERMAN PARLIAMENT'S NEW POWER

The Moroccan affair has left its mark in the German Parliament. By its settlement the German colony of Kamerun in Africa receives a large addition of territory. Hitherto German colonial affairs have been dealt with by the Imperial Government alone, and, in this connection, only those treaties were submitted to Parliament which made financial credits necessary. The settlement of the Moroccan question involves an alteration in German colonial territory. However gratifying the addition of a hundred and fifty thousand square miles to that territory may be, German public opinion was dissatisfied with the Moroccan agreement, not because it was not eminently

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fair, all things considered, but because the strenuous policy of the German Foreign Minister had educated the people to expect more than they finally received. Though the Moroccan agreement will not be affected, the German Government has bowed sufficiently to public opinion to sanction an enlargement of the powers of Parliament. In future every treaty involving alterations in colonial territory will be submitted to Parliament. And be it noted that in this class of treaties, as in those involving financial liabilities, Parliament means not one house, but both the Bundesrath, the upper house, and the Reichstag, the lower.

THE ALLEGED ITALIAN ATROCITIES

During the past fortnight the history of the alleged Italian atrocities has been made the clearer by accounts written by the war correspondents of the London "Chronicle," "Morning Post," and "Mirror," who were also eye-witnesses of the incidents described. In their accounts additional and terrible details are given of the scenes already described by the correspondents of the London "Times," the Berlin "Lokal-Anzeiger," and the New York "World," and the charge is made that a highly excitable army was practically let loose on the civil population of Tripoli, with a free hand to kill whom they liked without any effort to distinguish the innocent from the guilty. The correspondents of the Berlin "Lokal-Anzeiger" and the New York "World" were so horrified by what they saw that they handed back their passes and have left Tripoli. Since then the London "Times" has received two additional accounts from its correspondent. In one of them he corrects a telegraphic blunder in the first account which had created a painful impression. The telegram, as it reached London, represents him to have said: "The floodgates of blood and lust were opened." This is not as he intended this sentence to read; he wrote "blood-lust" as a compound word. He adds that, as far as his experiences went of the terrible retribution by the Italian troops, there was no war upon women in any sense of the phrase. The correction will, of course, be received with the utmost relief by all friends of Italy. Those friends were little prepared for the shock of the first news of the atrocities, for the Arabs about the city of Tripoli who had submitted to the Italians had been treated by the conquerors with signal kindness. The natives had been allowed to remain undisturbed in their houses and gardens. When, however, the Italians went out from the city, many of these Arabs showed treachery by assailing the rear of the Italian troops while the latter were resisting a frontal attack. There was but one thing to do. According to the traditions of war, those who after submission take up arms deserve death. At the beginning the Italian general in charge ordered that no Arabs were to be shot unless they had arms and were caught by troops under the charge of officers, but the troops told off for this work complained that the Arabs were concealing their arms and were passing themselves off as simple husbandmen. Hence the general modified his first order, and authorized the shooting of all Arabs who could reasonably be suspected of having borne arms against the Italians. This license to kill at sight led to terrible results; the innocent were slain with the guilty. Of course, as the correspondent of the London "Times" says, "the Italians could not afford to have their soldiers in the trenches shot in the back while they were being attacked in the front, but one would like to have seen the retribution less indiscriminate; less like an orgy of slaughter."

THE SPIRIT OF REPRISALS

As the correspondent adds: "There is one lesson that stands out in bold relief from this miserable business, and that is the necessity of employing in duties of repression an adequate number of officers, and of having a sufficient number of officers thus to employ. So far as I could judge, the license which carried the Italian soldiery away was the fact that the house-to-house search for arms found small detachments operating without commissioned officers. . . . All armies . . . require a full complement of officers to cope with all the exigencies of war." Certainly one cannot have much respect for strategy which would advance a line to a considerable distance, leaving it to be exposed to the possibility of attack from behind. The danger is of course double when one considers that the enemy is made up of a brave and fanatical race—a race only half civilized. As Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan, the author of standard books on Italian history and himself a great friend of Italy, points out: "The tragedy is that the Arab is only half civilized, and so tempts a civilized power to descend to his level in the methods of

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warfare. The war is therefore likely to be cruel, but it will be to the advantage of Italy to make it as little cruel as possible." "For all the Arab sees," says Mr. Trevelyan, "is an army of men, alien in race and religion, landing to take the country for a civilization not the Arabs' own." In judging of the alleged atrocities, two things must be remembered: that no body of men subjected to the fearful strain of attack both from the front and the rear—that from the rear being utterly unexpected and treacherous—could be expected to repress the impulse to punish the treachery immediately; and that the rules of civilized warfare can be observed only when both sides respect them.

TROUBLE FOR MADERO

Constant reports reach us from Mexico of seditious movements against the new Government. Whether these sporadic and scattered insurgent actions will be combined into a formidable attack on President Madero remains to be seen. The most important news of opposition is that implied in the arrest at San Antonio, Texas, under an indictment by a United States Grand Jury, of General Bernardo Reyes on the charge of setting on foot in our territory a plot for a military expedition against Mexico. It is alleged that General Reyes and others have purchased large quantities of ammunition and equipment for an invasion of Mexico. General Reyes's friends say that he can show that he has not been personally involved in these plots. It is to be assumed, however, that our Government would not proceed against so important a personage as General Reyes without a considerable body of evidence in its possession. In the past there have been political arrests of this kind which have been abandoned because of lack of evidence, and there has been some criticism of our Government on this account. The whole world will watch the progress of this prosecution with interest, and its possible effect on the relations between the United States and Mexico is of serious consequence. Looking at the matter from a non-Mexican point of view, it seems deplorable that a man who has been held so highly in popular esteem both at home and abroad as General Reyes should not be willing to give a fair chance to the newly established Government to show what its professions are worth. Madero stands committed to a larger and more liberal form of representative government, and, if his outline of political theory is to be accepted as genuine, there is at least a reasonable likelihood that he will try to make his administration progressive as regards politics, finance, and international affairs. If there is the least hope that true representative government may be established in Mexico, all true friends of that country and of progress the world over should join in asking that Madero have the opportunity, in the slang of the day, to make good. United States troops are now patrolling the border, and doubtless everything that can be done to insure neutrality on our soil, as between contending factions in Mexico, will be carried out drastically and thoroughly.

PERSIA AND MR. SHUSTER

We do not look to Persia for progress. Yet Persia has made two important steps forward. The first was to establish a Mejliss, or Parliament. The second was to reform the finances. This reform has been directed by an American, Mr. W. Morgan Shuster, formerly an official in our Philippine administration. Last February the Persian Government called Mr. Shuster to be its Treasurer General and charged him with its financial operations, including the collection of all receipts and the control of all expenditures. Last May Mr. Shuster, with three American assistants, took charge of this work, and in June the Mejliss confirmed the Government's action. The exercise of Mr. Shuster's wide authority quickly brought him into conflict with the two Powers whose interests predominate in Persia, namely, Russia and Great Britain. In 1907 the two Powers agreed that their respective spheres of influence in Persia should be, for Russia the north, and for Great Britain the south, of the Shah's country. At the same time, however, the two Powers agreed to respect the integrity and independence of Persia, and declared their sincere desire for the preservation of order throughout the country and for its peaceful development. Now, one of the primary elements of an independent nation is the right to manage its internal affairs. But Russia—doubtless moved by the recent additions which France, Germany, and Italy have been making to their territory, and still nettled at the failure of her plans in Manchuria—has naturally regarded the Persian northern provinces as presenting the line of least resistance in extending her own territory, and proposed to have something to say

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about Persian internal affairs, even if this did interfere with Persian independence of action. Hence in a number of ways Russia blocked Mr. Shuster's administration. Finally the ex-Shah, who had been deposed as ruler of Persia, suddenly came back to that country from Russia, where he had found a home. To all appearances he was secretly backed by Russia. At the head of an armed force he marched towards Teheran, the capital, intending to take it and remount the throne. But he was defeated, and again fled the country. A brother of the ex-Shah had supported his kinsman in the fighting. At Mr. Shuster's suggestion the Government decided to confiscate that brother's property. It gave the task into the hands of the Treasury gendarmes whom Mr. Shuster had organized to collect the arrears of taxation. But the Russian consular agents attempted to prevent the seizure. A violent dispute took place. The Russian Government supported its agents and actually demanded "reparation" from Persia. There was a protest from Persia to the Powers. Nothing apparently came of it, and Persia has now apologized to Russia! If, in addition to this sign of weakness, Persia no longer retains Mr. Shuster's services, we may expect her finances to relapse into the chaos from which he has been rescuing them. And not only this. Such disorder may lead to the dual protectorate foreshadowed by the two spheres of influence outlined in the Russo-British agreement of 1907. We appreciate the probability that, taking the country as a whole, civilization might be the gainer by such an arrangement. But there would be a pathos in the break-up of the once powerful Persian Empire.

ST. GEORGE'S CENTENARY

St. George's Church, on Stuyvesant Square, in New York City, is not only a historical edifice, but the parish has been the center of aggressive religious activity for two generations. In the days of the sharp conflict between the High and Low Church parties in the Episcopal Church, its rector, Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, was a valiant and powerful leader. He was a man of evangelical temper, to whom personal religion was far more important than corporate religion; he was a vigorous preacher who neither gave nor asked quarter. St. George's Church was then in a section of the city largely occupied by prosperous New Yorkers; in another generation that section had entirely changed, and had become the home of a vast number of workers of all nationalities. The hour demanded a new kind of church work and another kind of leader, and both were secured when the Rev. Dr. William S. Rainsford became rector and opened at once an aggressive campaign on the evil conditions around him. St. George's pulpit did not lose its power or its commanding position, but the church became an institutional church with all kinds of practical agencies for the betterment of the neighborhood. Dr. Rainsford achieved a revolution in its methods. The church was as fortunate in its vestrymen as it was in its rectors, for among the men who stood behind Dr. Rainsford through the revolutionary changes which he induced were Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. R. Fulton Cutting, Mr. Seth Low, and other men of high financial and personal standing. When, therefore, St. George's celebrated its centennial on Sunday, November 19, many associations were evoked and an extraordinary record of church activity and leadership was recalled. The great church was crowded by members of its own congregation and by representatives of many sides of New York life. The present rector, Dr. Birckhead, an able successor of the former leaders of the parish, read a letter from Dr. Rainsford, who was unable to be present on account of the recent death of his brother. Bishop Greer made an address of congratulation, in which he commented upon the fact that the church has not only survived changing conditions, but has taken advantage of them to render a wider and more varied service. Dr. Manning, rector of Trinity, in his historical address, recalled the fact that St. George's in an earlier period was a part of Trinity parish, and said that the mother parish was proud of the unabated vigor of her eldest child. He introduced several effective pictures of old-time life in New York City:

> It gives us a quaint view of the life in the older days, and one which may serve to illustrate the happy relations which have always existed between the Dutch Church and our own, to read that when Dr. Prevost and his contemporary of the Dutch Church, Dr. Livingston, met on Sunday mornings on the way to church and exchanged greeting, "they took up the entire street and reminded beholders of two frigates under full sail exchanging salutations with each other."
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> Another interesting picture presents itself as we learn that, the noise of passing traffic proving somewhat disturbing at the time of divine

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service, the vestry of St. George's, with the decision and resourcefulness which seem always to have characterized its members, met the difficulty by ordering the sexton "to procure a chain and to put it across the street opposite the church, with a lock to fasten the same."

After the offertory Mr. Morgan, the senior warden, presented to Bishop Greer the key of the Anniversary Chapel, adjoining the church, which is to form a permanent memorial of the centennial.

REGULATION OF BANK ORGANIZATION

The problem of limiting the number of banks in localities where the business is manifestly overdone has become of importance throughout the entire West. The prosperity of the past decade has induced the organization of hundreds of new banks annually until practically every cross-road has one or more institutions. The Kansas Supreme Court has for the first time in this country established the power of a commonwealth to deny charters to bank organizations. A new statute in that State provides that when a bank charter is asked, the Charter Board shall investigate, among other things, "the public necessity of the business in the community in which it is sought to establish the same." If it determines unfavorably, it shall refuse permission to do business. In the specific instance on which the Court rendered its decision a charter was requested for a fifth bank in a town of 4,300 population, in a county of 25,000 population and twenty-one banks. The Board denied the application. The Court held that "the business of banking is so intimately related to the public welfare that the statute properly falls within the police power of the State." Comptroller L. O. Murray, of the National Government, whose function it is to supervise our National banking system, has taken this position without statutory provision. He has in the past eighteen months refused charters to more than two hundred National bank organizations when investigation showed that more banks were not needed. He says: "To say that the comptroller, bank supervisor, or any other power to issue bank charters must give one to all who apply, irrespective of conditions, is preposterous." He points out that such a rule would allow bank-wreckers to come from prisons and reopen their establishments, and says that, should such a law be operative, "we might as well stop all attempt at bank organization, for incompetents, thieves, and rascals will organize banks and wreck them faster than any comptroller or other supervising power can see to it that they are well and safely managed." The rush to organize banks has given the West already great abundance of such institutions. Counting five persons to a family, there is in the Middle West agricultural section, where there are no large cities, a bank for each 350 families. In this group of States there are over 5,000 banks, in which is deposited more than $850,000,000, including only individual deposits, time deposits, and savings accounts. It is not unusual to find a bank in a hamlet of 200 population—sometimes two of them. One was recently organized in a settlement consisting of a store and ten houses. "Spite banks," banks organized solely to sell a set of fixtures and furniture, banks to make a renter for a storeroom, all seek the authority of the State!

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PICTURE-BUYERS

Americans have become so accustomed to being lectured by most other nations and to read unintelligent and impertinent comments on their civilization, or their lack of it, that they have become somewhat hardened. It is one of the curious inconsistencies of much of this criticism that Americans are condemned for doing precisely what all other people have done. The fact that Americans are buying the best pictures they can find calls out from time to time, not only an expression of regret, which would be natural, but an outcry against a materialistic country trying to bolster itself up by an assumption of culture. Some of the pictures secured by Americans from our friends abroad were originally stolen by the possessors who are now parting with them; others were purchased in precisely the same way that Americans are purchasing them to-day. For instance, there is not a single picture in England painted by a French, Dutch, Italian, or German artist which the English owner or owners did not purchase at some earlier period. The offense of the American seems to be that he is a late purchaser, and it is assumed that the late purchaser lacks the artistic interest of the earlier purchaser. When a Frenchman or an Englishman buys a picture, it is an evidence of culture; when an American buys one, it is an evidence of his desire to own something the value of which he does not understand and the merit of which he does not appreciate, but the

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possession of which he thinks will gain him a certain degree of respectability. This is very amusing to an American who knows what America is doing in sculpture, architecture, and painting; who knows the interest in art in all parts of this country, the number of galleries that are being opened, the intense devotion to the study of art which sends a small army of young men and women abroad every year. When one contrasts such buildings as the Morgan Library in New York, the Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo, the new Episcopal churches in Minneapolis and Pittsburgh—to take a few illustrations from a great group of new buildings—with recent structures, both secular and religious, in Italy, Germany, and England, the assumption that Americans know nothing of the arts becomes somewhat exasperating.

THE IRISH PLAYERS IN NEW YORK

American audiences are not entirely responsible for their evident need of preparation to understand the Irish plays and players. The Irish pronunciation, which is commonly called "brogue," has always been associated in American ears with humor, and generally with very broad humor; and when Americans hear it spoken in serious plays, and especially in tragic situations, it takes many of them a little while to become accustomed to the idea that it is in itself non-humorous. The result is that in some heart-breaking situations the brogue produces a smile when, as a matter of fact, it adds to the pathos of the moment. American audiences need also some familiarity with a stage which has practically no scenery, and with acting which is almost entirely free from anything artificial or "stagy." There is nothing in the setting of the stage which distracts the eye from attention to the acting, nor is there anything in the acting which comes between the text and the hearer. The actors are wonderfully self-restrained and natural, except in moments of passion, when they give the audience the sense of tremendous gusts of emotion. The plays are short, and in those that deal with tragedy, like Mr. Murray's "Birthright," Synge's "Riders to the Sea," and several of Lady Gregory's dramas, only three or four characters appear on the stage. What makes the tragedy more effective for those who can dissociate a drama from elaborate setting is the contrast between the tremendous forces at play and the barrenness of the background. A Greek play has a background of noble landscape, the approach to a temple, or the front of a palace. In the Irish plays there is sometimes, as in "The Rising of the Moon," a stone wall; at other times, as in "The Birthright," the interior of an Irish cottage; or, as in "The Spreading of the News," an open space, with an old Irishwoman sitting behind a fruit-stand. Those who go to be amused will find such a play as the last named freshly and delightfully entertaining, but they will find such a play as "The Birthright" the very quintessence of pure tragedy. The acting is so good in the sense of being natural and unaffected that it will take some time for American audiences to appreciate it; while the plays are so clean that it will take some time for American audiences to accustom themselves to the richest humor without a touch of vulgarity. To characterize the Irish plays as great is to exaggerate their quality and range; their value lies in the fact that they are real plays, the dramatization of the life of an unsophisticated people; and their prime characteristics are their freedom from the purely theatrical and their sincerity and naturalness.

NEWSPAPER GOSSIP

Two incidents have recently come under our notice which indicate in a striking fashion that the propensity to gossip and form judgments based upon the flimsiest hearsay statements is not confined, as newspaper humorists would sometimes have us believe, to the village sewing society. We all know what village gossip of this character is. "Have you heard about Mrs. Z! Isn't it shocking? Mrs. A told me yesterday that Mrs. B told her that her daughter overheard Mr. C say to Miss D that he didn't see why Mrs. Z attends the Episcopal Church, because when she was a student at Bryn Mawr she wrote an essay on 'The Difficulties in the Doctrine of the Trinity.'" Whereupon the report is circulated in the town that Mrs. Z is an atheist and threw a flatiron at her husband last Sunday morning when he asked her if she was ready for church.

Now, this kind of thing is constantly going on in some of our American newspapers. What some editors apparently think is news, and what many readers unfortunately accept as news, deserves no more respect than the tattle of the village gossip. A correspondent, who knows Switzerland and loves it, recently

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sent us a half-column clipping from one of the great New York dailies which purported to be a despatch from Berlin foretelling the partition of Switzerland by Germany, France, and Italy. Italy's seizure of Tripoli was referred to by this alleged Berlin despatch (which was probably written in the New York office of the paper which printed it) as a clear indication that Italy proposes to seize the canton of Ticino, and that when she does this, of course, Germany will seize the German-speaking cantons and France the French-speaking cantons. Our correspondent, who evidently accepts this despatch as genuine, comments upon it as follows: "Poor Switzerland! And what an unsubstantial thing so-called Christian civilization is—a mere filmlike veneering!" Now, Christian civilization may be a mere filmlike veneering, but, if it is, it deserves the appellation rather on account of the unscrupulousness of the newspapers than because there is any likelihood that the European Powers are about to "gobble" Switzerland. There is no more likelihood at the present time of the partition of the Swiss Republic than there is of a disintegration of the United States because a large percentage of the inhabitants of the State of Maine speak French, and a large percentage of the inhabitants of New Mexico speak Spanish, and Senator Ben Tillman is preaching to everybody who will listen to him the militant doctrine of inviolable States' Rights.

The second instance is connected with the publication in The Outlook of Mr. Roosevelt's recent article on the Trusts. The New York "Times" for Tuesday, November 21, contained in a prominent position a "special despatch from Columbus, Ohio," which purports to say just what the Ohio Progressives are going to do in the Presidential campaign. "La Follette will be abandoned, *it is said*, and they will support Roosevelt if he becomes a Presidential candidate." We call particular attention to the words "it is said." Mrs. Z, it is said, threw a flatiron at her husband! We sometimes despair of being able to persuade some of our readers, who write to us from time to time, that this "it is said" kind of journalism deserves no attention whatever from intelligent persons. The "Times" despatch also intimated that before Mr. Roosevelt published his article he sent word to the "anti-Taft Republicans of the West" to await developments, and the despatch definitely asserts that ex-Secretary Garfield "went to the Chicago Conference bearing the advice of Roosevelt to prevent the indorsement of La Follette." Now this is not only gossip, but it is gossip without a vestige or shadow of truth to rest upon.

We do not write this article for the purpose of defending Mr. Roosevelt; he has shown a good many times that he is perfectly capable of defending himself. We write it because, as a Presidential campaign is coming on, we believe we are performing a service to our readers in warning them to be on the lookout for an increase in newspaper gossip. It is one of the great evils of modern American life.

HOW NOT TO DO IT

Among political devices supposed to be very radical is included the referendum. Among the States usually accounted conservative is New York. Nevertheless, New York has the referendum, and has had it for years.

At the election in November there was a ballot on which the voters were given the opportunity to express their approval or disapproval of eight distinct measures. Seven of these measures had been passed by two successive Legislatures; the remaining measure was passed by the present Legislature. None of them, however, could become law without receiving the majority of all the votes cast for and against it at a popular election.

Of these, the seven measures that had passed the two successive Legislatures were in form amendments to the State Constitution; the other measure was a proposition, accompanied by an elaborate bill, providing for the issuance of nearly twenty million dollars of bonds.

Let us look for a moment at what these various measures provided. One increased the salary of the legislators of the State. Another increased the salary of the Governor. Another canceled the provision that the justices of the Appellate Division in each department of the Supreme Court should have the power to fix the times and places for holding special terms and to assign the justices for holding those terms. Another provided for the election of two additional judges in one of the counties. Another provided for what is called "excess condemnation" of property. Another provided for a change in the proceeding with regard to

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the condemnation of land for public use. Another provided for a change in the existing provision regulating the abandonment of canals and the use of funds derived from such abandonment. And the eighth measure—called Proposition Number One—provided at great length and with great particularity for the expenditure of nearly twenty million dollars.

With regard to these propositions the people of the State had no information whatever except that which happened to come to them through the columns of the newspapers; and it is hardly necessary to say that that information was very scanty indeed. There was absolutely no general discussion throughout the State of any one of them. Thousands of voters did not know that there were to be any such propositions submitted until they received the ballot at the hands of the poll clerks. The voters who registered personally were given a notice of these amendments, which included the text and a summary of each; but on that notice there was absolutely no explanation of any one of them and no reasons given either for or against any one of them.

How is it possible for the ordinary voter to know whether it is desirable for the justices of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court to fix special terms and to assign justices for those terms? How is it possible for the ordinary voter to know whether it is desirable that one of the counties of the State should have two additional judges? How is it possible for the voters of the State, without any instruction, to know what is to be said for and against the proposal that when land is taken for public use additional or adjoining property may also be taken under conditions prescribed by the Legislature through a general law? How is it possible for the ordinary voter, without having the matter brought in any way to his attention, to determine whether the proceedings for condemning land now in vogue should be altered? How is it possible for the ordinary voter, who may be living and supporting his family on less than a thousand dollars a year, to know anything of the inadequacy of the present salary of the Governor, unless there is some discussion of the matter and the financial demands upon the Governor are brought to his attention in some way?

The most absurd features of this referendum, however, were those relating to the canals. These were two—one embodied in a constitutional amendment, the other in the bond proposition. The amendment relating to canals provided, for instance, that the Legislature should not sell, lease, or otherwise dispose of any part of certain canals, including "all that portion of the Erie Canal, in the city of Buffalo, from the guard-lock therein to and including Commercial Slip and the slips leading from the Canal to the Erie Basin." Can anybody explain how even the intelligent voter in Sullivan County or on the lower East Side of New York City can be supposed to know anything about the merits of a measure relating to the guard-lock and Commercial Slip and the Erie Basin in Buffalo? Nobody has attempted to do so. The only action in this matter that we know of to instruct the voters has been taken by certain organizations who have simply relied upon the authority of their position to impress upon the voters the desirability of that amendment. When we turn to Proposition Number One, the absurdity is heightened. This is, in fact, an elaborate bill of twenty-one sections. Let us take a sentence at random from this bill:

> Measuring from the face of the said dock wall, there shall be acquired by the State enough land to give it possession of a strip of land one hundred feet wide, said strip to extend the full length of the dock wall and also to a point about three hundred feet from the Clarissa Street Bridge, between which point and the bridge the width of the reservation shall be narrowed enough to permit the new location of the railroad, hereinafter provided for, to connect with the present location at a point near the bridge.

Imagine a bill twelve thousand words long consisting in large part of provisions like this!

It is an outrageous travesty of representative government to submit a measure like this to popular vote. We go further than this. We regard it as a misuse of popular government to submit a measure like this to a Legislature. A great part—we are willing to say, virtually the whole—of that bill has no place in a legislative body at all, much less in a polling-booth. The questions that that bill raises are not legislative questions but administrative questions. They are not questions that can be passed upon intelligently by any legislative body, and, if they could be passed upon by a legislative body, it would be a waste of that body's time to attempt to pass upon them. It is for the settlement of just such questions that there are administrative officers. It is bad business and bad government to saddle upon a Legislature, and

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worse business and worse government to saddle upon a great body of voters, such administrative questions as these.

Of course the people were not greatly interested in this referendum. How could they be interested in matters about which they knew nothing, and, in many cases, in matters on which they could know nothing?

Two weeks after the election was held there was no report as to the result of the vote throughout the State. In many counties the votes had not yet been counted. In some districts there were no votes even reported. The great body of citizens and the great body of public officials were calmly indifferent to the whole matter.

From the votes that have been counted, it is surmised that most, if not all, of these measures have been defeated. That is the most cheering sign of intelligence in the whole proceeding. The voter who does not understand a proposal acts wisely if he votes against it.

The referendum is no cure-all. But it has very distinct value when it is properly used. If it is to be in any way effective, there are at least three provisions that should accompany it:

First, the referendum should be applicable only to measures that are distinctly and legitimately legislative, and should in no wise be applied to questions that are of an administrative character.

Second, it should be limited to such legislative questions as involve great fundamental principles rather than detailed enactments, for the ordinary voter has neither the time nor the inclination to make a study of a number of measures dealing with details, however important.

Third, provision should be explicitly made not only for informing the voters as to the substance of what they are voting for, but also as to the arguments pro and con. In this last respect at least, Oregon has treated the subject intelligently, for in that State no subject is referred to the voter without his having the chance to read in print a brief argument on each side of the question.

Advocates of the referendum too often discuss the matter as if the referendum, in and of itself, were a measure of high merit. They should disabuse their minds of this notion. The value of the referendum depends upon the way in which it is exercised. The principal use of the New York form of referendum is as a warning.

LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

I have many friends whom I have never seen. They write to me for counsel. I try to answer personally all such letters. It has seemed to me that some of these letters might serve other friends feeling the same or like perplexities and wishing the same or similar counsels. So I am beginning here some letters to unknown friends. Most of them will be replies to real questions presenting real problems. But the real letters will not be printed, and no confidences will be impaired.

We do not pray because we believe in God—we believe in God because we pray.

A mother has her Quiet Hour, when she is alone—with herself—and therefore with an invisible companion. Perhaps she frames in her imagination some picture of the one with whom she is in companionship; it may be a Divine Person, awful—dear, yet awful; it may be Jesus of Nazareth, imagined as he was upon earth, talking with his friends at the Supper Table; it may be the Virgin Mary, as she has been seen in pictorial representations of ideal womanhood; it may be some imagined saint, or some recently departed friend; it may be that there is no picture, no framed or sculptured image, even in her thought, only an impersonal personality, only an indefinable, ineffable influence. But the companion is to her real; and thereby she derives an inspiration—of strength to do, patience to endure, wisdom to see, love to conquer—which not her father, her pastor, her husband, her dearest and nearest earthly companion, can give her. When she reads the saying, "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace," she knows what it means. She is accustomed to go into the garden and gather these fruits.

She does not pray because she believes in God. She believes in God because she prays. He is not to her a hypothesis to account for the creation. He is her most intimate Companion; the only one in whose presence she can lay aside all her reserve and open her inmost thought and feeling.

She wishes her child to grow into this experience. She wishes to teach him to pray. She wishes him to have the very best in life which she possesses; and this Quiet Hour is to her the very best of life. So every night when the plays and tasks and

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human fellowships have come to an end for the day, she kneels by her child's bed, and together they pray. The child repeats the prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep;" or, "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;" or "Our Father;" and with it the wishes of his love for others, "God bless papa, God bless mamma, God bless little sister." There is a moment of pure unselfishness; a moment, too, of indefinable peace. The mother feels an invisible companionship, which she makes no attempt to explain. The child catches the feeling from the mother and shares it with her without understanding it. If baby sister is sick, and the prayer is, "God make baby sister well," the burden of childish anxiety is lifted off the child and is lightened for the mother. The mother leads the child up the invisible ladder on which in prayer we ascend out of our active life, as she leads her child up the stairs, which he could not climb without her help. He wishes to do what mother does, to feel what mother feels; to be what mother is. And so unconsciously he learns to share his mother's Quiet Hour. He prays. The answer comes to him, as it comes to her, in a mysteriously quickened life. And he believes in the life because he possesses it; in prayer, without a philosophy of prayer; in God, without a definition of God. His faith in God, like hers, is not an opinion; it is an experience.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

"MY COUNTRY" OR "MYSELF"?

A distinguished student and lover of popular institutions has said that Switzerland is the only country in which the hopes of democracy have been realized; and this is, in a certain sense, true. But if the hopes of democracy on the political side had been entirely realized, there would still be a great field in which popular government must demonstrate its producing as well as its regulative efficiency. It will not be enough to reconstruct society on democratic lines; it would not even be enough to make all the members of that society comfortable; for, if this were achieved, the ultimate problems would still be unsolved, the ultimate possibilities of the human spirit unrealized. Democratic society everywhere is now struggling with the problem of better economic and social conditions, and it is to a great extent absorbed in this problem, or rather in the group of problems presented by these conditions, and it is rightly absorbed in them. But democratic society will never rest in securing the best political and economic conditions; the moment these conditions are secured it must face the questions which the mind and heart of man will put to it; for men never have been, and never will be, satisfied with comfort; they will be happy only when spiritual ideals take hold of them and the activities of their spiritual natures find normal channels of action and expression. It is for this reason that the conviction held by many people that the triumph of democracy means the disappearance of art is a vital matter. The man in the street is not concerned with it, nor is the social and economic reformer absorbed in the immediate tasks of the future; but those who realize that no form of government can be final which does not liberate the highest forces in human nature and does not supply its highest needs know that the question of "Democracy and Poetry,"[1] which Professor Gummere raises in his very interesting book, will some day be a vital question, and is to-day a profoundly interesting one.

The question is approached through two introductory chapters, the first of which sketches in large outline the democratic tendency revealed by thinkers and dreamers who were neither outright optimists nor outright pessimists, but whose motto was, "All for the best in the worst of worlds." Some of them believed, with Vico, that the poet of the Iliad and the Odyssey was the Greek people; others that the word humanity was the supreme word in democratic ethics and religion. Wesley, as Walpole said, "exalted his voice and acted very ugly enthusiasm;" and enthusiasm, it must be remembered, was one of the great qualities of the democratic movement, in literature as well as in politics. Side by side with this enthusiasm there has been a growing distrust of democracy and unbelief in its mission. Poets, scholars, and teachers, swept along by this tide of reaction, discouraged by the excesses of the democratic movement, lost faith in it. Renan declared that with the triumph of America the "swan song" of civilization will be heard. Tennyson had his later years of doubt. Coleridge and Wordsworth set to very noble music their despair; and for years, in the house in Cheyne Row in London, Thomas

[1] Democracy and Poetry By Francis B. Gummere. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass. $1.50.

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Carlyle pronounced the eloquent funeral oration of democracy. The high hopes of the democratic movement which shook Europe at the end of the eighteenth century were doomed to inevitable disappointment, and so were the hopes of the democratic movement which shook Europe again in the middle of the nineteenth century. Those hopes demanded more of the political movement than any political movement could realize; they expected more than life itself could perform. They exalted democracy into an end, while in its very best estate it never can be more than a means. And the doubters and skeptics found ample confirmation in the startling development of that type of democratic conviction which is only another name for absolute individualism. The difference between real democracy and this perverted form of democracy Professor Gummere admirably suggests in the two phrases "My country," on the one hand, and "Myself," on the other.

In Rousseau Professor Gummere finds a flowing fountain of the influence which substitutes for the words "My country" that other isolating and paralyzing word, "Myself." The constructive thought of democracy, he says, gets its clearest expression in France through Montesquieu, who worked out the central idea of an ideal social order. That idea was overwhelmed by the deluge that followed, for which Rousseau was in considerable measure responsible, and the democratic movement has been tested, not by its constructive idea, but its destructive work. Montesquieu's conception of individual liberty as "obedience to the law by equals" was translated into terms of such broad individualism that neither law nor equality remained. "In all this reaction, however," Professor Gummere says, "the central and constructive democratic idea has not been damaged, and only the subordinate intention, so to speak, of democracy, such as unlimited individual freedom, has really gone to wreck."

Professor Gummere's statement of the democratic movement in terms of philosophy, science, and art, as well as of politics, and his interpretation of the reaction, give this book a vital interest for all those who care for the triumph of the popular principle, and who feel that by that principle the happiness of the future of the race must stand or fall. But Professor Gummere does a great deal more than this; he brings out in a series of historical illustrations the communal origin of poetry, and shows how, since the beginning of time, side by side with the service of genius, has been the service of the community as a genuinely creative force. It is pleasant to find him recalling the noble figure of Herder, who recovered a great mass of the most characteristic German stories and poetry and brought them, so to speak, into good society. It was he who felt, almost for the first time, in an age in which German writing had become conventionalized by French influence and had lost its vitality, the life of the older song and legend, who reopened the ancient sources of German inspiration, and made the voices of the folk once more audible. The stories of the early heroisms, achievements, adventures, disasters, commemorated often crudely but powerfully in old bits of verse, the poetic fancies which had been told in the childhood of the German race in the heart of the forests, brought a noble creative influence into a period which was to become more influential than any other in German literature, or, for that matter, in the history of German thought. Professor Gummere recalls the story of Herder, current many years ago, that, when he lay on his death-bed, he cried out to his son, "Give me a great thought, that I may quicken myself with it." The statue which stands in front of the old church in the square in Weimar is the figure of one of the great leaders in the spiritual history of modern times; a man who had as much to do with the making of Germany as Bismarck, though with very different weapons; and this ardent scholar, who was also a devout Christian, uncovered the community impulse in early German poetry. "I mean the folk," he once cried, "I do not mean the rabble," a distinction which admirably differentiates real from spurious democracy.

Professor Gummere's discussion of the aims and work of Whitman is illuminating. It is broad, sympathetic, and sane, but it is brought to a definite conclusion in the words: "He cannot be the poet of democracy in its highest ideal who rejects the democratic idea of submission to the highest social order, to the spirit of the laws, to that imagined community." And he adds: "Whitman's poetic democracy, like Rousseau's, is not only redolent of the *ego*, of a kind of lawlessness; it is destructive and not constructive." Although it does not lack very striking and beautiful rhythmical exaltations of "My country," it is an exploitation of "Myself."

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Those upon whom the reaction against democracy bears heavily, and who are tempted to believe that, while democracy may help the bodies of men to greater comfort, it will lower their spiritual ideals and vulgarize their souls, will find in Professor Gummere's analysis of the communal element in poetry at once an interesting history and a reinforced hopefulness. He sees that, in the future as in the past, two elements can never be dissevered in great art: the element of genius, which is individual; and the communal element, which furnishes the very stuff out of which poetry is made—the element which is not so much the pedestal upon which the figure stands, and which is therefore subordinate, as the material out of which the figure is carved in relief, and which is therefore of the very substance of the sculptor's dream.

HOME EFFICIENCY

Does your home pay? Does it make a fair return on the investment of time and strength and money that is put into it? As a factory for the production of citizenship is it a success? What is it that you really expect your home to do for you?

If you substitute the word "business" for the word "home" in these questions, they become easy enough to answer.

To put the home on an efficient basis is a man's problem as well as a woman's, for it is not a question of housekeeping alone, of food or clothing or rent alone; neither is it a problem of earning alone. It is the problem of making the dollars you earn buy, not necessarily the most they can, but what it is to the advantage of society that you should have; for Home Efficiency is the science, not primarily of saving, but of spending.

Of course the basis for wise spending must be an adequate income, but we do not even know what an adequate income is. All we do know is that in every community there is a point above which it is not necessary for a family income to rise, and a point below which it is not for the advantage of society that it should drop.

The minimum income point for New York City has been thus stated by the Sage Foundation in "The Standard of Living for New York City:" "Families having from $900 to $1,000 a year are able in general to get food enough to keep body and soul together, and clothing and shelter enough to meet the most urgent demands of decency." The facts for this estimate were gathered from three hundred and ninety-one families living in the New York tenements, and therefore used to being investigated.

The Sage Foundation did not reach the great middle class of salaried and professional and business people with incomes ranging from $1,200 to $6,000 a year, who cannot be investigated without their own consent. But if the members of this class who are readers of The Outlook can see, as the railways and industrial concerns do see in their own spheres, that to have a system of management established in the home which will bring the best results for the least outlay is to their advantage, and if they will become parties to their own investigation, it should be possible with their help to work out a system of Home Efficiency. Just this is what The Outlook proposes to do.

What we ask from the readers of The Outlook is a statement about such things as their household accounts, the amount of their incomes, and the reasons why they spend them as they do; what they are giving to the community in the way of service, or of children educated to needed work (for of course such products as trained foresters and hydraulic engineers are more costly to produce, and should be more valuable, than unskilled laborers); or of what they are doing to keep our common servants, the public schools, the sanitary boards, the libraries, up to their work of supplementing the home and increasing its efficiency.

Will you write these things to The Outlook? Your name will not be used, nor will anything by which you could be identified be printed; but we ask that you send your real name and address, so that we can write you in case there is something else we need to know.

An article dealing with Home Efficiency will be published in The Outlook of December 16. Will you send in your comments and criticisms upon it, tell how it does or does not agree with your experience, and throw any side-lights on the problem that you can?

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THE TRUSTS, THE PEOPLE, AND THE SQUARE DEAL

A POLL OF THE PRESS

MR. ROOSEVELT'S editorial under the above title, in The Outlook for November 18, has attracted much and varied criticism.

The trust is an economic tendency of the times, declares Mr. William Allen White in the Emporia (Kansas) "Gazette" (Ind.):

It is part of the human development. It is possible only where men actually do "trust" one another. . . . It is in the heart of humanity, growing kindlier and more trustworthy every year. It is working in Emporia and it is working in Wall Street.

Under present conditions litigation has taken the place of legislation. As reported by a press despatch in the daily papers, Representative Henry, of Texas, assails what he terms "legislative courts" and quotes the following reference in the editorial in question to the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust decisions of the Supreme Court:

It is contended that in these recent decisions the Supreme Court legislated; so it did; and it had to, because Congress had signally failed to do *its* duty by legislating.

Mr. Henry declares that "this is absolutism run mad. . . . Our Constitution vests 'all legislative powers herein granted in a Congress of the United States.' . . . Away with 'legislative court' and 'legislative executives!'"

The Sacramento (California) "Bee" expresses a similar sentiment, and declares that changing the law is "the business of Congress and not of the courts."

"The suit against the Steel Trust has brought vividly before our people the need of reducing to order our chaotic governmental policy regarding business," said Mr. Roosevelt. This the New York "Telegram" (Ind.) declares to be one of the truest things he ever said:

Business conditions are upset; capital is attacked, and consequently is alarmed; business men of the highest integrity are pilloried and used by the demagogues of both parties in Washington as horrible examples of what oppressors of the people can come to.

Mr. Roosevelt asserts that no business should be prosecuted "merely because it is big." The New York "Tribune" (Rep.), which reflects the views of the Administration at Washington, says:

There would be reason for regret if a hasty reading of his article should leave the impression that the Taft Administration takes a different view.

On this same point the New York "Journal of Commerce" (Ind.) remarks:

Neither the present Administration nor many of those who differ from Mr. Roosevelt on the subject of regulation have taken any such position as he describes. There has been no attack upon corporations merely because they are "big," and no attempt to break up those which have not "offended otherwise than by their size."

The difference in policy between the President and the ex-President, proclaims the Brooklyn (New York) "Citizen" (Dem.), is as follows:

Where the President would apply the Sherman Law to break down the trust principle and restore the competitive principle, his predecessor would have the Government concede the necessity of the trust principle, and by Governmental control and regulation check abuses originating from it.

There are three methods of approaching the trust problem, declares the New York "American" (Dem.):

One of these may be designated as the Roosevelt method. . . . The second method . . . may be designated as the Supreme Court method. . . . The third method may be designated as the Taft method. . . . All three of these methods are as foolish as they are futile.

Mr. Roosevelt does not believe in the possibility of restoring the old-time competition, and he doubts if it will be wise, declares the Brooklyn (New York) "Times:"

What he believes better is to have all the industrial and economic benefits that come from combinations, and at the same time to have such careful and extensive regulation of them that their evil practices can be prevented, and the public be the gainer by the combination rather than the loser, as it now so often is. He takes issue even with the so-called "Progressives" of the Republican party on this matter, and says that their policy is not progress at all.

To quote from the editorial:

The effort to restore competition as it was sixty years ago, and so trust for justice solely to this proposed restoration of competition, is just as foolish as if we should go back to the flintlocks of Washington's Continentals as a substitute for modern weapons of precision.

The Hartford "Courant" (Ind. Rep.) thus soliloquizes:

It seems possible that the "rural tories" out Wisconsin and Kansas way may not altogether relish this part.

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The New York "Journal of Commerce" (Ind.) protests that there has been no attempt to "restore the days of unlimited and uncontrolled competition," and that the fight is against monopoly and for the fair play of competitive forces.

The principal law in checking the trusts is the Sherman Act. Speaking of it, the New York "Herald" (Ind.) says:

The more one reads the debate in the press, the more one is inclined to the belief that in the end the Sherman Law will stand and that as a corollary will come a Federal incorporation law.

We may assume that this is the Administration's view from the following excerpt from the New York "Tribune" (Rep.):

We believe that Mr. Roosevelt's article will be helpful in clarifying the public mind in respect to available methods of providing for supervision by the Government of corporations doing an inter-State business. Unless present indications are deceptive, there is a growing inclination to the belief that some plan of Federal incorporation affords the best hope of preserving the legitimate advantages of combination while preventing its abuses.

But the incorporation law should be extended, as the Hartford "Times" (Dem.) suggests:

The Colonel is also emphatic in advancing his theory of a Federal corporation law, which shall take from the States all supervision of corporations doing an inter-State business and place such business under some Government bureau, in charge, no doubt, of a brilliant young man like our townsman, Herbert Knox Smith. So far, so good, even from the Colonel's enemies' standpoint.

This Government bureau would mean a commissioner or board to watch the corporations and check them whenever it finds them going astray, says the Philadephia "Record" (Dem.):

We are very sure that the country will never substitute the executive discretion for laws. The Inter-State Commerce Commission enforces a law, and its primary function is the prevention of discriminations which transportation companies may not make, but which are not forbidden to merchandising concerns, either by the common or statute law.

Another Philadelphia paper, the "Ledger" (Rep.), remarks that

a specific plan for regulating all inter-State business corporations by means of a stupendous bureau and an army of super-powerful administrative officials seems grotesque at this stage of our development.

A cordial response to the proposed administrative board comes from Oklahoma in these words of the Tulsa "Democrat:"

We need a board clothed with the power of exterminating every illegitimate combination, with the power of collecting the evidence and instituting criminal prosecutions, with the power of doing things, a board which will be composed of men of such character that their very names will be a guarantee of good faith and of the faithful execution of the law.

As to the exercise by the Government of a closer control over the great monopolies, even to the extent of regulating the prices of their commodities in the same manner as the Inter-State Commerce Commission regulates, or undertakes to regulate, the rates of railways, the New York "Press" (Ind. Rep.) says:

This same idea is heartily encouraged by the Socialists, because they believe it is reactionary and will hasten the revolt against private monopoly for private profit, so that the American people will substitute for that system one of public monopoly for public profit.

To this Mr. W. J. Bryan apparently agrees in part, as reported by the New York "Times" (Ind. Dem.):

The commission is a dangerous experiment, not only because it is doomed to failure, but because it rests on a false theory—a theory not only false but dangerous. The theory that competition is impossible in large business enterprises is the Socialistic theory, and cannot be admitted without bringing us face to face with the issue presented by Socialism. The Socialist says that competition is undesirable, and then demands that the fruit of monopoly should be enjoyed by the public. The trust magnates demand that the fruit of monopoly shall be enjoyed by the private individual who is most interested. The Democratic position, as I understand it, is that competition is not only desirable but essential. The Democratic plan is to limit the percentage of control so as to secure competition.

This fear is poohpoohed by the New York "Financial American" (Ind.):

There's nothing in that, because we heard it several years ago when we were regulating the railroads, when we appointed the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and, generally, in all States when public service commissions were first recommended.

Here is what a real Socialist paper, the New York "Call," says:

If in the meantime the owners of the trusts come to a definite understanding of the policy they want to be applied to their property—and it looks exceedingly like Government control, if not ownership, at the present moment—they will have no difficulty whatever in selecting a puppet monarch to do unto them the terrible things they have decided he shall do, and pre-

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senting him to the gaping and credulous public as the one and only savior who can relieve them from trust oppression and settle the trust question finally and forever, until next time.

On the other hand, the Buffalo "Courier" disagrees with the above utterance, and comments as follows:

In all probability the public will be slow to accept these extreme propositions.

If so, it may think, with the New London (Conn.) "Telegraph" (Ind.), that

Mr. Roosevelt's proposed solution is a courageous and a sincere, though ill-timed, contribution to the popular study which the subject must receive before the people are to register their opinions at the ballot box.

Or it may think, with the New York "Mail" (Ind. Rep.), that

What is needed more than anything else is the moral view of the relations of the corporations to the public. Now morality cannot be enforced by statutes or prosecutions, but it may be made plain, by a vigilant and ceaseless enforcement of the laws, that essentially immoral evasions will not be tolerated. In so far as his deliverance is in harmony with this principle, Colonel Roosevelt's article is certainly wise and proper. It is timely enough, too—timely for all sorts of reasons.

The Pittsburgh "Leader" presents one clear idea, the whole trust matter in a nutshell:

Criminal operations in the name of "business" have got to be broken up and prevented. Legitimate business, on whatever scale it may be conducted, must have the fullest protection and encouragement.

As to what we want for the future, the New York "Globe" (Rep.) cites this striking parallel:

In 1896 the word went up from the people that they would no longer tolerate shufflings and evasions that made it impossible for a man to tell what money next year he would be paid in and thus paralyze business; in the same way the demand of the people is for exact information with respect to what is legal in business, and an end to uncertainties that impede enterprise.

In another place this same New York paper says:

The Roosevelt trust policy, therefore, may be summed up in the words "Recognize and Regulate." He would recognize the inevitableness and the desirableness of the new industrial order, and, disregarding old-womanish fears about Socialism and the like, would regulate to whatever extent shall appear necessary for the public's protection—even to the fixing of prices should deliberate extortion manifest itself. The Roosevelt plan is pretty much the plan that the opinion of the country is swinging toward.

After all, to quote the New York "Mail" (Ind. Rep.) again:

There is nothing very new or startling in the ex-President's article. The views expressed are the author's well-known opinions. They are familiar; and yet they strike the people with new force.

The Washington correspondent of the New York "Times" (Ind. Dem.) is more explicit:

Attention is now called to the fact that as far back as May 30, 1907, President Roosevelt, in a most striking way, advocated many of the reforms he proposes in his latest editorial. What he said then applied exclusively to inter-State railroads, but that was then the great issue before the country, and, save where the word railroad is actually used, his phrases might be taken almost unchanged to parallel what he said last week in The Outlook about industrial corporations in general.

As to the suggestion that Mr. Roosevelt's article on the trusts is a declaration of his Presidential candidacy, the Chicago "Record-Herald" (Ind.) says:

Some politicians and soothsayers solemnly declare that Mr. Roosevelt's latest article on the trust problem is a bid for the Presidential nomination of next year—the "platform" which he offers in order to promote his "candidacy." These persons have poor memories and poorer insight into character. Mr. Roosevelt restates in the article in question views and ideas which he repeatedly urged in equally strong and spirited Messages to Congress and addresses to the people. . . . For the former President to restate them at this time when light is badly needed is certainly not to make any bid, to offer any platform, or proclaim any candidacy.

In the midst of all these disagreeing voices, the Kansas City "Times" (Ind. Rep.) points out one significant fact, namely, "that there is no public man of importance advocating a let-alone policy for the trusts."

Certainly, as the Grand Rapids (Michigan) "Evening Press" (Ind.) says, the Nation is demanding positive legislation, "legislation which shall preserve the splendid business organization and undoubted economy of the combinations, while removing their power for oppression." The Nation must be represented somewhere in this matter. As the "Press" adds, "There must be a policeman on the trust beat. Just what kind of a policeman shall be chosen, how he will avoid being a bully and at the same time keep the peace, and just what standard of conduct he will set, is the question the Nation is asking to-day. Answer it and the trust problem is solved."

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PRESIDENT TAFT'S OWN VIEW

AN AUTHORIZED INTERVIEW BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

IN the glow of an open wood fire, resting in his cottage at the Virginia Hot Springs, after a trip of forty-nine days with three hundred and six speeches to its credit, President Taft chatted leisurely with an old friend about his experiences in office. The talk was frank, unstudied, direct, all the President's remarks being drawn out by questions asked or comments passed on the spur of the moment, few of which call for repetition here. This outline, written from memory, I obtained permission to present to the readers of The Outlook, because it seemed to me likely to convey to the public mind a juster impression of the chief figure in our National life than could be derived from any more formal presentation of even the same subject-matter.

In response to a suggestion as to the difficulties some of his predecessors had had in starting their Administrations, the President said:

"Though I had had some executive experience in the Philippines and as Secretary of War, it was no adequate preparation for the multifarious duties of the Presidency. My first task was to gather material for my Cabinet."

"You have been criticised, Mr. President," said the visitor, "for bringing two Democrats into a Republican Cabinet."

"And I plead guilty to one. You must remember that I was elected by Democratic votes, probably polling almost as many as McKinley did in 1896. Let's see: I carried Greater New York; came within one hundred and fifty votes of carrying Boston; carried Missouri, including a 15,000 plurality in St. Louis; and carried one elector in Maryland, three Congressional districts in North Carolina, and more than a third of the counties of Georgia. Of this last feat I am especially proud, because my highest political ambition has been, and still is, to take the sting out of the relations between North and South. I have no Quixotic idea of being able to break up the Solid South myself, but I am trying to lay in that section a strong foundation on which our party can build, so that another decade may perhaps witness a change. In appointing Dickinson, the finest type of Southern Democrat, I aimed to honor the South; but I suspect that some of his party friends made him feel uneasy in what they affected to regard as a false position politically. However, my selection of Lurton and Lamar for the Supreme Bench and my promotion of White to the Chief Justiceship I rejoiced to make because I was giving great strength to the Court and at the same time showing to the South that under a Republican Administration its eminent men were not denied a part in the highest offices and functions of government.

"What I have done in this line has been without the sacrifice of any interest of my own party. I have appointed many Negroes to office, and have given some of them, like Lewis, Napier, Johnson, and McKinlay, offices of essential dignity at Washington. What I have not done is to force them upon unwilling communities in the South itself. I have appointed none where I knew that race feeling was strong; and I have preferred

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giving large offices to well-equipped Negroes of the higher class to scattering a lot of petty ones among the mass of their race. This is not because I lack sympathy with the Negroes, but because I want to see them advance. The worst thing I could have done for them was to keep alive any ill feeling their white neighbors cherished toward them; but it stiffens their self-respect and spurs them to more thorough preparation for public service if they see political honors going to their worthiest leaders.

"The other Cabinet officer you had in mind, I suppose, was MacVeagh? I question whether any one who knows would call him a Democrat. As MacVeagh was an Administration man in the war era, went over to Cleveland only on the tariff issue, and voted for McKinley, Roosevelt, and myself, he does not impress me as anything but a Progressive Regular."

"Speaking of the tariff issue, Mr. President, if you could begin your Administration again, would you repeat your Winona speech to-morrow?"

"In phraseology, no; in effect, yes. Had I known as much then as I do now, I should have realized that there are some things one cannot leave to be taken for granted. I dictated that speech to a stenographer on the cars between two stations, and glanced through it only enough to straighten its grammar; it was sent out by the press with correspondingly little ceremony, so that the papers received it in all sorts of shapes. If I had prepared it two or three weeks before and revised it deliberately, as I ought to have done, I should have clarified several passages. And, particularly, I should have changed the sentence where I proclaim the Payne Tariff Act the best ever passed. The comparative would have been a better description than the superlative; for, whatever its shortcomings, the Act still contains less to be criticised than its predecessors, and it did, as a whole, revise the existing schedules downward."

"Supposing, for argument's sake, that your Tariff Board should bring in a report hostile to any change whatever in the wool schedule, would you be governed by that conclusion, regardless of the position you took on the popgun wool and woolen bill?"

"The contingency is remote. I think that even the inner circle of protectionists concede that the wool and woolen tariff needs trimming down, the only question being as to the amount and method. I had no fault to find with either Democrats or Insurgents for trying to reduce any duties they chose; what I object to is disturbing the business of the country to-day, when there is nothing better than guesswork to proceed upon, and then disturbing it afresh six months later when the best available information is before us. I do not join in the charge of inconsistency against the Democrats for compromising with La Follette on the wool schedule instead of standing by their own figures. If they could not get all the reduction they asked for, they were quite justified in taking what they could get. My chief criticism on their tariff activities last session was that they were willing to send to me legislation so crude and ill digested that they must have known, if they had paused to think, that I could not possibly approve it."

"Is your tariff-reduction programme based on the theory that it will bring about a corresponding reduction in the cost of living?"

"I think that that effect is greatly overestimated. My chief objection to a needlessly high tariff is that it nourishes monopoly. It holds forth a constant temptation to the formation of little trusts, which often are more directly oppressive to the consumer than big ones. For example, we have found local lumber markets controlled by retail lumber trusts, growing out of the big trusts which dictate prices to the wholesale trade and which draw their chief support from duties which I believe quite unnecessary for purposes of legitimate protection. And the same principle holds good everywhere you look."

"Was your adoption of a low-tariff policy due to any recent change of mind?"

"I have long been convinced that we were overdoing the tariff business. The Republican platform of 1908 gave expression to this view, for it committed the party of protection to a revision. I have been trying honestly to keep faith with the people who elected me on that understanding. Of course we feared that there might be opposition from the extreme high protectionist Republicans in Congress, and not a few of my friends have blamed me for not breaking with them, throwing down the gage of battle, and vowing that I would stand or fall by the low-tariff issue. They fail to reflect, however, that I was not only President of the United States but head of the party to which these men belonged. I could not hope to have assistance from the Democrats, and my battle was

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lost before it was begun unless, by patient effort, I could get reinforcements from the ranks of protection Republicans. Some of these men were amenable to argument and they had long been leaders in Congress. One must not lose sight of the fact that, while I was pledged to insist upon lower tariff duties, there were many Representatives whose motive to protect the industries of their districts was just as strong as mine to comply with my construction of the platform. Former Presidents had worked with these party leaders in Congress, with whom they were not in entire sympathy, in order to make progress. Looking back now on the record of those first few months, I do not see that I could have done otherwise; for, however far the results may have fallen short of an ideal standard, it is on the Regular Republicans I have had chiefly to lean for support.

"In spite of such handicaps, I did secure tariff reductions on a number of items, including several raw materials. I induced Aldrich to cut down his amended cotton schedule about ten per cent. I made a like attempt with wool, but it wouldn't work in either house. I got hides on the free list, and a lower duty on coal, iron ore, and scrap iron. If the Payne Bill had passed the Senate in the shape in which it passed the House, there would have been little serious censure of it in the country at large. I realize now, though, that I made one mistake: I ought to have made as strong a point on paper as I did on hides. Chairman Payne in the House did not like to go down to a $2 duty on paper, but he voted for it rather than cause a split. Mr. La Follette I consulted as to the amount of duty needed on paper, and he thought $2 was too low for immediate application and wanted a sliding scale of duties from a higher rate. As it was, we compromised on $3.75. The Tariff Board has found a difference of $5 a ton in the cost of producing paper in Canada and the United States, and I believe that if we could have stuck to the $2 duty of the House bill, with the condition attached of free raw material from Canada, we should have done the right thing.

"But I could not get free lumber either. The only way I procured any substantial reduction from $1.50 was by sending the Conference Committee an intimation that I should veto the bill if it carried a lumber duty higher than $1.25. I took a similar and equally successful stand regarding gloves, on some classes of which an increase had been proposed for the benefit of an 'infant industry.' Some of my critics will ask: 'If you could do so much in these instances by swinging your veto club, why did you not use the same weapon all along the line?' It is an easy thing to take a stand on a moral issue between the right and the wrong, or on one of plain common sense like the question of the recall of the judiciary; but, with fifteen crowded tariff schedules to overhaul at short notice, a President can hardly be expected to make a radical fight over each detail that strikes him as unwise; and it would be the height of folly for him to veto an entire bill because a few items in it do not appeal to his individual judgment. Besides, the tariff question is one on which intelligent men may differ. Gifford Pinchot, for instance, threw his influence into the scale for the retention of a $2 duty on lumber, instead of backing a general effort to put it on the free list. This concession to the lumber interest doubtless was regarded by him as justified by his need of the support of the big lumbermen in prosecuting his forestry work. The bill carried only a $1 duty."

"What of your legislative programme in the regular session of the Sixty-first Congress?"

"There were three measures before the regular session of the Sixty-first Congress which I considered of prime importance: the Railroad Bill, the Postal Savings Bill, and the Conservation Bill. On the first, the Insurgent opposition rendered some of the provisions more drastic against the railroads in lengthening the time during which the Inter-State Commerce Commission could suspend a proposed increased rate from sixty days to ten months before rendering a decision, if necessary, and also in making a change in the long and short haul clause in the interest of the interior shipper. They also excluded some useful limitations upon the railway companies. I had recommended that no railway company be allowed to acquire stock of a competing company, but with such provisions for resolving arrangements already existing as would avoid confiscation. I recommended also, in accordance with the Republican platform and Mr. Roosevelt's frequent recommendation, that competing railroads be permitted to make thirty-day agreements as to the rates they would charge between common points, from which either of the parties could recede at will.

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The Insurgents insisted on throwing out both these features, because they found something in them inconsistent with the Sherman Act, which in those days was regarded as the Ark of the Covenant instead of a target for attack or amendment as now. Although my proposals were progressive, I accepted a half-loaf rather than no bread, and signed the bill.

"Into the Postal Savings Bill the Senate Insurgents tried to inject an amendment which would have left me no escape from a veto. They wanted to 'stake down' the deposits in the neighborhoods where made, forbidding the Government to remove the money except in an emergency of war. This was an intolerable proposition, because it would have greatly embarrassed the Government and would have seriously interfered with its ability to meet at once its obligations. The only way it was beaten was by mustering the votes of the Regulars, and then it was a close shave."

"But your Conservation measure survived?"

"Yes, to my great relief; for it not only gave me the opportunity to withdraw about seventy million acres of land on my own account, but validated the withdrawals already made, which, if carried into court, might have kept us in suspense for a long period.

"Perhaps I ought to say here that there was another interference by the Insurgents with my railroad programme. I wanted to have the companies prohibited from issuing securities without the approval of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. This the Insurgents finally, with the aid of the Democrats, defeated, but we procured the substitution of a provision authorizing me to appoint the Stock and Bond Commission, of which President Hadley is now chairman, to report upon the whole subject. The Hadley Commission is composed of strong men, and will probably get at the kernel of the matter."

"Apropos of commissions, was it not you who proposed turning over to one the whole question of postal rates for newspapers and magazines?"

"It was, and I had a hard time getting my way, but I believe it will result in the only possible satisfactory solution of this vexed issue. I know what you are going to ask next: Why did I appoint Justice Hughes on that board? I'll tell you. I wanted some one whose opinion would have the weight of judicial authority. Besides, Justice Hughes won his reputation at the bar by his gift for boring to the innermost core of a subject, and that is the only way we can settle this postage question. Certainly the judgment of three such men as Mr. Justice Hughes, President Lowell of Harvard, and Mr. Wheeler, President of the Chicago Association of Commerce, made up after full hearing and argument from both sides, is one which all fair-minded men will be willing to accept."

"Then, Mr. President, there is your Tariff Board. You have been sharply criticised for making it up of men who are not tariff experts."

"And that is true; they are not. If I had been appointing a board of tariff experts I could not have got along with less than twenty-five, in order to do justice to all branches of the subject. What I undertook to do was to make up a board of trained investigators, capable of managing a thorough inquiry into *costs* of production and of analyzing its elements. First, Mr. MacVeagh wrote to friends in leading universities, asking each to give me a list of the economists considered by them best equipped for the task in hand. Professor Emery's name was on all the lists and at the top of half of them, so I made him chairman of the Board. Page comes from the University of Virginia; Sanders is an authority on agriculture; Reynolds, in interpreting and enforcing the tariff laws for four years, had presumably learned the ins and outs of that business; and Howard I regarded as the ablest Southern Representative in Congress in my day. These men make no pretense of being tariff experts; they employ all the expert help they need. Their report will go into all sorts of details, like the percentage wool shrinks with the removal of its natural grease, what proportion labor bears to material in the cost of production in the various departments of manufacture here and abroad, and so on; and it will furnish summaries of its findings in statistical tables for ready comparison.

"Again, there is my economy commission. If, as I expect, it can tell us how to run the Government so as to get the largest returns for the smallest outlay, I hope Congress will give it an extension of three years to demonstrate its conclusions experimentally.

"And speaking of economy reminds me of what we have accomplished even without the aid of any board. On entering office I warned every Cabinet member and bureau chief

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that I should hold him individually responsible for cutting to the bone the expenditures under his control. On July 1, 1909, we faced a deficit of $56,000,000; July 1, 1910, saw that changed to a surplus of $14,000,000; and by July 1, 1911, the surplus had risen to $47,000,000."

"Pardon me, Mr. President, but do I understand that you attribute all this to your administrative economies?"

"Oh, no; I am coming to that. Just now, though, I want you to note that the normal increase of Government expenditures each fiscal year is about four per cent; yet the expenditures, which were $662,000,000 during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1909, had shrunk by June 30, 1911, to $654,000,000, an actual decrease instead of the normal increase. This scaling-down process for the fiscal year 1911 involved cutting the estimates made by Department heads $50,000,000.

"But to come back to your question: I fully realize, and I wish our people would, that the present prosperity of the Treasury is due in no small measure to the existing tariff, which, notwithstanding all its faults, is a revenue-producer. There is a good deal more that can be said for that act. It gave us a maximum-and-minimum tariff proviso which I deem of the highest importance, and which tended to increase our foreign trade substantially. It gave free trade with the Philippines, which has made the islands more prosperous than ever in their history, without injury to any American industry. It gave authority that I used to create and appoint a Tariff Board, which, though not the commission I sought, is doing a most useful work; and it imposed a corporation tax, on which I had set my heart, but which at times I despaired of getting through. And thereby hangs a tale.

"More revenue was needed in the first session of the Sixty-first Congress in 1909, and the Congressmen in charge of the tariff bill were casting about for something that would be effective and at the same time not unpopular. Taxes on tea and coffee were proposed, but held back for fear that the public would not stand for further burdens on its breakfast table. Speaker Cannon wanted to try an income tax again, if we could get up something that would 'stick.' I told him I thought I could do that, and set Wickersham to drafting a bill taxing the net profits of corporations. The Ways and Means Committee had pretty nearly finished its work on the tariff bill when I sent up Wickersham's draft. They promptly declared they would have none of it; so tea, coffee, and corporation tax were all thrown out together, and an inheritance tax substituted.

"But when the bill reached the Senate, the States began to be heard from. Almost all of them had inheritance taxes of their own, and feared lest a Federal tax of the same sort might in some way embarrass them in collecting theirs. Senator Aldrich responded that that was all right—we could raise enough revenue without resorting to anything which would make trouble. He laughed, though, at my corporation tax plan. There was strong pressure from the Democrats and some of the Republicans, including all the Insurgents, for the revival of the old income tax, on the plea that the personnel of the Supreme Court had changed since its decision that the act of 1894 was unconstitutional, and hence we might hope for a different decision. I have always been in favor of an income-tax-laying power in the General Government, because it may some time be needed to save the Nation; but I did not think this the proper way to secure it, having a due regard for the prestige of the Supreme Court. I did not wish, for the sake of its dignity, to see it forced to traverse the same old ground in order to reach the same conclusion; and, if its views had changed in the interval, I did not wish to see it placed in the position of reversing itself, as long as there was another way of reaching the desired end by a Constitutional amendment.

"Presently, in the fear of the income tax law's passing, Mr. Aldrich ceased laughing at my plan for a corporation tax, and came down to see me about it. 'Can you induce enough doubtful Senators, if we put the corporation tax in the bill and adopt a Constitutional amendment permitting an income tax, to defeat the general income tax law proposed by the Democrats and Insurgents?' he inquired. I expressed my belief that I could, and the sequel showed I was right. I am proud of having taken such a part in securing the corporation tax. It has proved in some respects a most valuable fiscal asset. At one per cent it raises $28,000,000 a year; and if we need $56,000,000 or $84,000,000 in an emergency, all we shall have to do is to increase the tax to two or three per cent. Being taken out of the net profits

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before dividends are declared, it is least felt by the persons on whom it ultimately falls. As there must be a surplus of income over expenditure before the tax applies, it taxes success and not failure. It costs next to nothing to collect—scarcely more than the expense to the Government of carrying a few letters back and forth. Finally, it is a means of keeping the Government always in touch with the corporations all over the country, which have to furnish us with statistics that may be made useful for many other purposes than those of taxation."

"Now that you have launched your project for a Constitutional amendment, you probably have in mind some particular form of general income tax to recommend to Congress when it is free to act?"

"In a way, yes. I believe, on principle, in a general income tax. The only good arguments against it are that it is inquisitorial, and that it offers a temptation to perjury. But I would not resort to the ordinary income tax except in an emergency like war, when I would have it graduated, so that those citizens who had most at stake should bear a correspondingly large share of the burden of the common defense. In time of peace I would avoid temptation to perjury and would confine the Government to taxes that do not involve such inquisitorial methods in their collection."

"Do you account the matters you have mentioned as the chief milestones of progress during your Administration?"

"Those which stand out most prominently, rather. There are others. We have procured legislation of great value to workingmen, affecting the liability of employers in cases of injury to their help, strengthening the law relative to safety appliances on railroads, and authorizing a workmen's compensation commission; I cannot at the moment recall all, but they are easily ascertainable. I look with special pride on the consummation of our treaty with Japan, due chiefly to the skill and acute mind of Knox, for I feared it might fail on account of the popular prejudice against the Japanese on the Pacific Coast, which might lead to a misunderstanding of its provisions. Fortunately, the treaty came along just when the bill for the World's Fair at San Francisco was under way, and rode in on the same wave. California sentiment was so toned up by the prospect of a friendly visitation from all quarters of the earth that the advantages of the treaty were clearly seen and none of the Coast Senators obstructed the ratification.

"There is another item which might not appeal to you very strongly, but by which, with my experience at the bar and on the bench, I set much store. I refer to my message to Congress in which I urged reformed court procedure to secure quick decision and reduced expense of litigation, and pointed out that the Supreme Court might lead the way under its statutory power to revise the rules of the Federal courts of equity, which had been changed but little in a hundred years."

"Now that you mention the Supreme Court, Mr. President, I suppose you have noticed Mr. Bryan's comments on your appointment of Chief Justice White?"

"All that I have to say about my judicial appointments is that I have regarded my duty in respect to them as the most sacred with which I am charged, and that I have spared no effort to secure for the Supreme Court and other courts the best men I could get, with the fullest appreciation of the fact that the Federal courts, and especially the Supreme Court, constitute the chief bulwark of the institutions of civil liberty created by the Constitution."

"Now, Mr. President, something of the future. What do you purpose treating as your 'calendar of unfinished business' for the rest of your term?"

"In the domestic field, I suppose reductions in the woolen and cotton schedules, and possibly in the metal schedule of the tariff, will go to the top of the calendar. These will be founded, as far as my recommendations are concerned, on the report of the Tariff Board. I have heard it insinuated that Congress will not heed the suggestions of an executive board. As to that I have no means of judging in advance. What I shall do is to put the whole thing up to Congress, and leave the members to settle with their constituents if they prefer not to act. In the House the Democratic majority have always professed themselves ready to accept any reductions they can get, and I am going to take them at their word in good faith. Where the Insurgents will stand I am not prophet enough even to surmise.

"For another thing, we ought to obtain some legislation which will enable Alaska to develop without infringing on our broad policy of conservation. Then there is the question of ratifying the peace treaties with

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England and France, and the fiscal treaties with Honduras and Nicaragua, which in their way are peace treaties also, as their purpose is to remove one of the most prolific causes of war."

"In all your speaking for the arbitration treaties, I suppose you have kept in view the possibility that the Senate may amend them so as to make them unacceptable to England and France?"

"Strictly speaking, the Senate does not amend treaties. The most that it can do is to inform me that it cannot consent to them as drawn, but that treaties of like purport, with such and such a feature added or omitted, would meet with favorable consideration. Then it is for me to decide what further steps I will take. If I am satisfied that the proposed changes would not meet the approval of the other nations concerned, I can simply notify them, put the treaties into a pigeonhole, and close the incident. This is what was done in the last Administration with certain arbitration treaties to which the Senate would not agree. I saw somewhere a comment on the pending situation, to the effect that I would have saved myself trouble if I had asked the advice of the Senate before executing the treaties. We took such a course in reference to the Japanese treaty, and it was most successful; but in respect to these treaties, they were really made in public by a speech of mine and by an acceptance in public by England through Sir Edward Grey, and by France through M. Jusserand. All that was needed was a settlement of the formal expressions and details by Mr. Knox, Mr. Bryce, and M. Jusserand, and this was made public at once, on the 11th of May last."

"Before we leave the subject of foreign relations, have you ever published your reasons for concentrating troops on the Mexican border last spring?"

"Not formally, perhaps, but I did take the precaution to put into the records a letter I wrote to General Leonard Wood within a few days after I gave the order, congratulating him on the way the affair was handled. In that I had sketched the story of its origin.

"The whole thing was done between two days. Congress was in recess, and Knox was out of town. I had no one to counsel with on foreign matters. Disquieting rumors from Mexico were reaching me, and, as Mr. Wilson, our Ambassador, who had been called North by the illness of his mother, came to see me and revealed his fears in full, I became convinced that the rebellion was much more serious than we had suspected, and that, no matter how it might end, for the time being a good many Americans in Mexico were in danger. It seemed to me my duty was clear. Under all the conditions it was quite within my province as Commander-in-Chief to order the army out for maneuvers; so I put that face upon it, and ordered 15,000 troops to the Southern frontier. Simultaneously I took care to assure the Mexican authorities that the move had no significance which could be tortured into hostility to the Government of Mexico. I also forbade our own officers to permit the slightest thing to be done by their men which would bear such a construction.

"The action was a complete success. A few Americans in Mexico suffered at the hands of bandits, and enough shots were fired into our territory to have incited a hot-headed commander to retaliate, but nothing of the sort took place. Officers and men obeyed orders explicitly, and, in spite of occasional provocation, the border was never crossed by American soldiers. Both parties in Mexico were satisfied of our good faith, and the moral effect, on the rasher element, of our having a large, fresh, and well-disciplined armed force right at hand for instant action in an emergency was great. The border engagements in which a number of citizens on our own territory were killed and wounded would have required, but for the presence of a large force near the border, an instant movement of troops from all over the country to meet the threatened emergency, and such a movement under pressure would necessarily have had a sinister significance which was entirely avoided by the earlier mobilization when no exciting cause was apparent."

"How about monetary measures next session?"

"As I am just now drafting a message in which I deal with this, and with trusts, Federal incorporation, tariff, conservation, Panama legislation, public health, expedition in court procedure, parcels post, and other live future policies, it would be wiser to delay their statement."

"You were disappointed, of course, at the fate of your reciprocity programme?"

"I was; but it has not changed my opinion. I have always been in favor of reciprocity with Canada. I learned my

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lesson from the lips of Benjamin Butterworth, the member of Congress from my district for several terms, who devoted the latter part of his political life to lecturing in its favor about the country. I see no objection myself to entire free trade between the two countries that lie for four thousand miles with a common border, and in which the conditions of labor, material, soil and resources are so much the same. In the variety of resources we have a great advantage over Canada, but the northern part of our country is quite like hers, and I cannot see that unlimited reciprocity would do more than help both countries by the natural trade that would follow across the present artificial line. I cannot see, either, that it is a departure from the protective policy that the Republican party is pledged to, in view of the similarity of conditions in respect to production in the two countries. I am very sure that the farming community would find their undue fears on this side and their superlative expectations on the other side altogether unjustified, and that the improvement which such changes work would be gradual and would steady prices on both sides without particularly reducing them to the prejudice of any class of producers. Of course I found my own party divided, as I found some division among the Democrats, though most of the Democratic party favored a reduction through a reciprocity agreement, on the ground that they were in favor of lower duties generally. The paper interests and the lumber interests succeeded in arousing the fears of the farmers. However, we won in Congress, and the bill was passed. If any electorate was ever frightened by ghosts, it was the Canadian electorate at the ghost of annexation, which never could come, by any hook or crook, for many reasons, the chief of which is that we do not desire it and Canada itself would never consent to it. Moreover, it would be impossible for us to take over the Canadian government with certain of its obligations as to the union of Church and State in Lower Canada. The defeat of reciprocity was a great disappointment to me, because I considered that it was epoch-making legislation, which would vindicate itself in less than a year as not destructive, and in a decade as so full of benefit to both countries that no one would think of repealing it after a ten years' trial. But 'the best-laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley.' Some of my political friends think that its defeat was rather a help to me politically than otherwise. However this may be, the failure was a great disappointment."

"I assume that you know that it has been widely hinted that your tour was the opening of your campaign for re-election?"

"Certainly, as is the case with all Administrations, much of what I have done since I have been in office has had some political color put upon it by those who were inclined to be critical. The truth is, however, that political considerations have not weighed heavily with me. I have tried to do in each case what seemed to me the wisest thing, regardless of its effect upon my own future. Indeed, in more than one instance I have been perfectly conscious whose bad blood would be stirred by some act of mine or some refusal to act. The circumstance that the same persons who hail me, after one application of equal justice, as a far-seeing conservative patriot, denounce me after the next as an unreasoning radical, does not greatly disturb my equanimity. I set that down as 'all in a day's work.'

"I am very grateful for the honors the people have given me. I do not affect to deny the satisfaction I should feel if, after casting up the totals pro and con, and striking a balance, they should decide that my first term had been fruitful enough of good to warrant their enlisting me for another. Any man would be proud of such a verdict. But I have not been willing, nor shall I be, to purchase it at the sacrifice of my freedom to do my duty as I see it. My happiness is not dependent on holding any office; and I shall go back to private life with no heartburnings if the people, after an unprejudiced review of my Administration, conclude that some one else can serve them to their greater advantage."

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THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH IN A REVERENT SPIRIT

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THERE is superstition in science quite as much as there is superstition in theology, and it is all the more dangerous because those suffering from it are profoundly convinced that they are freeing themselves from all superstition. No grotesque repulsiveness of mediæval superstition, even as it survived into nineteenth-century Spain and Naples, could be much more intolerant, much more destructive of all that is fine in morality, in the spiritual sense, and indeed in civilization itself, than that hard dogmatic materialism of to-day which often not merely calls itself scientific but arrogates to itself the sole right to use the term. If these pretensions affected only scientific men themselves, it would be a matter of small moment, but unfortunately they tend gradually to affect the whole people, and to establish a very dangerous standard of private and public conduct in the public mind.

This tendency is dangerous everywhere, but nowhere more dangerous than among the nations in which the movement toward an unshackled materialism is helped by the reaction against the deadly thraldom of political and clerical absolutism. The first of the books mentioned below[1] is written by a Montevideo gentleman of distinction. Under the rather fanciful title of "The Death of the Swan" it deals with the shortcomings of Latin civilization, accepts whole-heartedly the doctrines of pure materialism as a remedy for these shortcomings, and draws lessons from the success of the Northern races, and especially of our own countrymen, which I, for one, am unwilling to have drawn. The author feels that the civilization of France, Italy, and Spain is going down, and that it owes its decadence to submission to an outworn governmental and ecclesiastical tyranny, and especially to the futility of its ideals in government, religion, and the whole art of living, a futility so wrong-headed and far-reaching as to have turned aside the people from all that makes for real efficiency and success. In his revolt against sentimentality, mock humanitarianism, and hypocrisy the author advocates frank egotism and brutality as rules of conduct for both individuals and nations; and in his revolt against the theological tyranny and superstition from which the Spanish peoples in the Old and New Worlds have suffered so much in the past he advocates implicit obedience to the revolting creed which would treat gold and force as the true and only gods for human guidance; and this he does in the name of science and enlightenment and of exact and correct thinking. He speaks with admiration of certain American qualities, confounding in curious fashion the use and abuse of great but dangerous traits. He fails to see that the line of separation between the school of Washington and of Lincoln and the school of the prophets of brutal force, as expressed in the deification of either Mars or Mammon, is as sharp as that which distinguishes both of these schools from the apostles of the silly sentimentalism which he justly condemns. He sees that the really great Americans were thoroughly practical men; but he is blind to the fact that they were also lofty idealists. It was precisely because they were both idealists and

[1] Le Mort du Cygne. By Carlos Reyles. Translation from Spanish into French by Alfred de Bengoechea. Bernard Grasset, Paris.

Thoughts of a Catholic Anatomist. By Thomas Dwight, M.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

The Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages. By Henry Osborn Taylor. Columbia University Press, New York.

Some Neglected Factors in Evolution. By Henry M. Bernard. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The World of Life. By Alfred Russel Wallace. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

William James. By Emile Boutroux. Librairie Armand Colin, Paris.

Science et Religion. By Émile Boutroux. Ernest Flammarion, Paris.

Science and Religion. By Émile Boutroux. Translated into English by Jonathan Nield. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Creative Evolution. By Henri Bergson. Authorized translation by Arthur Mitchell. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

The Varieties of Religious Experience. By William James. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

Time and Free Will. By Henri Bergson. Translation by F. L. Pogson. The Macmillan Company, New York.

From Epicurus to Christ. By William De Witt Hyde. The Macmillan Company, New York.

The Sixth Sense. By Bishop Charles H. Brent. B. W. Huebsch, New York.

I need hardly say that I am not attempting to review these books in even the briefest and most epitomized fashion. I use them only to illustrate certain phases, good and bad, in the search for truth; as, for instance, the harm that comes from seeking to apply universally truth as apprehended by the mere materialist, the futility of trying to check this harm by invoking the spirit of reactionary mediævalism, and the fundamental agreement reached by truth-seekers of the highest type, both scientific and religious.

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practical men that they made their mark deep in history. He sees that they abhorred bigotry and superstition; he does not see that they were sundered as far from the men who attack all religion and all order as from the men who uphold either governmental or religious tyranny. It was the fact that Washington and Lincoln refused to carry good policies to bad extremes, and at the same time refused to be frightened out of supporting good policies because they might lead to bad extremes, that made them of such far-reaching usefulness.

Dr. Dwight's book is very largely a protest against the materialistic philosophy which has produced such conceptions of life, and against these conceptions of life themselves. With this protest we must all heartily sympathize; unfortunately, it is impossible to have such sympathy with the reactionary spirit in which he makes his protest. There is much that is true in the assault he makes; but in his zeal to show where the leaders of the modern advance have been guilty of shortcomings he tends to assume positions which would put an instant stop to any honest effort to advance at all, and would plunge us back into the cringing and timid ignorance of the Dark Ages. Apparently the ideal after which Dr. Dwight strives is that embodied in the man of the Middle Ages, of whom Professor Henry Osborn Taylor in one of his profound and able studies has said: "The mediæval man was not spiritually self-reliant, his character was not consciously wrought by its own strength of mind and purpose. Subject to bursts of unrestraint, he yet showed no intelligent desire for liberty."

Dr. Dwight holds that there is an ominous parallelism between the lines of thought of the materialistic scientists of to-day and those of the French Revolution. Strongly though he disapproves of much of the thought of modern science, he disapproves even more strongly of the Revolution. In speaking of the similarities between them he says:

> Among the characters of the Revolution we meet all kinds of company. There are the honest men anxious for reform, the protesters against what they conceived to be religious oppression, the dreamy idealists without definite plan, the ranting orators of the "mountain," fanatics and demagogues at once, the wily ones who make a living from the more or less sincere promulgation of revolutionary doctrines and who find legalized plunder very profitable, the army of those who for fear or for favor prefer to be on the winning side and follow the fashionable doctrines without an examination which most of them are incompetent to make, and finally the mob of the *sans-culottes* rejoicing in the overthrow of law, order, and decency.

This is true, although it does not contain by any means the whole truth; moreover, the parallelism with the scientific movement of the present day undoubtedly in part obtains. Yet the saying which Dr. Dwight quotes with approval from Herbert Spencer applies to what he himself attempts; to destroy the case of one's opponents and to justify one's own case are two very different things. At present we are in greater danger of suffering in things spiritual from a wrong-headed scientific materialism than from religious bigotry and intolerance; just as at present we are threatened rather by what is vicious among the ideas that triumphed in the Revolution than we are from what is vicious in the ideas that it overthrew. But this is merely because victorious evil necessarily contains more menace than defeated evil; and it will not do to forget the other side, nor to let our protest against the evil of the present drive us into championship of the evil of the past. The excesses of the French Revolution were not only hideous in themselves, but were fraught with a menace to civilization which has lasted until our time, and which has found its most vicious expression in the Paris Commune of 1871, and its would-be imitators here and in other lands. Nevertheless, there was hope for mankind in the French Revolution, and there was none in the system against which it was a protest, a system which had reached its highest development in Spain. Better the terrible flame of the French Revolution than the worse than Stygian hopelessness of the tyranny—physical, intellectual, spiritual—which brooded over the Spain of that day. So it is with the modern scientific movement. There is very much in it to regret; there is much that is misdirected and wrong; and Dr. Dwight is quite right in the protest he makes against Haeckel and to a less extent against Weismann, and against the intolerant arrogance and fanatical dogmatism which the scientists of their school display to as great an extent as ever did any of the ecclesiastics against whom they profess to be in revolt. The experience of our sister Republic of France has shown us that not only scientists but politicians, professing to be radical in their liberalism, may in actual fact show a bigoted intolerance of the most extreme kind in their attacks on religion; and bigotry and

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intolerance are at least as objectionable when anti-religious as when nominally religious. But in his entirely proper protest against these men and their like Dr. Dwight is less than just to Darwin and to many another seeker after truth, and he fails to recognize the obligation under which he and those like him have been put by the fearless pioneers of the new movement. The debt of mankind to the modern scientific movement is incalculable; the evil that has accompanied it has been real; but the good has much outweighed the evil. It is only the triumph of the movement led by the men against whom Dr. Dwight protests that has rendered it possible for books such as Dr. Dwight's to be published with the approval—as in his case—of the orthodox thought of the Church to which the writer belongs.

The most significant feature of his book is the advance it marks in the distance which orthodoxy has traveled. He grudgingly admits the doctrine of evolution, although—quite rightly, and in true scientific spirit, by the way—he insists most strongly upon the fact that we are as yet groping in the dark as we essay to explain its causes or show its significance; and he is again quite right in holding up as an example to the dogmatists of modern science what Roger Bacon said in the thirteenth century: "The first essential for advancement in knowledge is for men to be willing to say, 'We do not know.'" He of course treats of the solar system, the law of gravitation, and the like as every other educated man now treats of them. Now, all of this represents a great advance. A half-century ago no recognized authorities of any Church would have treated an evolutionist as an orthodox man. A century ago Dr. Dwight would not have been permitted to print his book as orthodox if it had even contained the statement that the earth goes round the sun. In the days of Leonardo da Vinci popular opinion sustained the Church authorities in their refusal to allow that extraordinary man to dissect dead bodies, and the use of antitoxin would unquestionably have been considered a very dangerous heresy from all standpoints. In their generations Copernicus and Galileo were held to be dangerous opponents of orthodoxy, just as Darwin was held to be when he brought out his "Origin of Species," just as Mendel's work would have been held if Darwin's far greater work had not distracted attention from him. The discovery of the circulation of the blood was at the time thought by many worthy people to be in contradiction of what was taught in Holy Writ; and the men who first felt their way toward the discovery of the law of gravitation made as many blunders and opened themselves to assault on as many points as was the case with those who first felt their way to the establishment of the doctrine of evolution. The Dr. Dwights of to-day can write with the freedom they do only because of the triumph of the ideas of those scientific innovators of the past whom the Dr. Dwights of their day emphatically condemned.

But when Dr. Dwight attacks the loose generalizations, absurd dogmatism, and ludicrous assumption of omniscient wisdom of not a few of the so-called leaders of modern science, he is not only right, but renders a real service. The claims of certain so-called scientific men as to "science overthrowing religion" are as baseless as the fears of certain sincerely religious men on the same subject. The establishment of the doctrine of evolution in our time offers no more justification for upsetting religious beliefs than the discovery of the facts concerning the solar system a few centuries ago. Any faith sufficiently robust to stand the—surely very slight—strain of admitting that the world is not flat and does move round the sun need have no apprehensions on the score of evolution, and the materialistic scientists who gleefully hail the discovery of the principle of evolution as establishing their dreary creed might with just as much propriety rest it upon the discovery of the principle of gravitation. Science and religion, and the relations between them, are affected by one only as they are affected by the other. Genuine harm has been done by the crass materialism of men like Haeckel, a materialism which, in its unscientific assumptions and in its utter insufficiency to explain all the phenomena it professes to explain, has been exposed in masterly fashion by such really great thinkers—such masters not only of philosophy but of material science—as William James, Émile Boutroux, and Henri Bergson. It is worth while to quote the remarks of Alfred Russel Wallace, the veteran evolutionist: "With Professor Haeckel's dislike of the dogmas of theologians and their claims as to the absolute knowledge of the nature and attributes of the inscrutable mind that is the power within and behind and around nature many of us have the greatest sympathy; but we have none with his

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unfounded dogmatism of combined negation and omniscience, and more especially when this assumption of superior knowledge seems to be put forward to conceal his real ignorance of the nature of life itself." Dr. Dwight is emphatically right when he denies that science (using the word, as he does, as meaning merely the science of material things) has taught "a new and sufficient gospel," or that, to use his own words, there is any truth "in the boast of infidel science that she and she alone has all that is worth having." He could go even further than he does in refuting the queer optimism of those evolutionists who insist that evolution in the human race necessarily means progress; for every true evolutionist must admit the possibility of retrogression no less than of progress, and exactly as species of animals have sunk after having risen, so in the history of mankind it has again and again happened that races of men, and whole civilizations, have sunk after having risen. In so far as Dr. Dwight's view of religion is that it is the gospel of duty and of human service, his view is emphatically right; and surely when the doctrine of the gospel of works is taken to mean the gospel of service to mankind, and not merely the performance of a barren ceremonial, it must command the respect, and I hope the adherence, of all devout men of every creed, and even of those who adhere to no creed of recognized orthodoxy.

In the same way I heartily sympathize with his condemnation of the men who stridently proclaim that "science has disposed of religion," and with his condemnation of the scientific men who would try to teach the community that there is no real meaning to the words "right" and "wrong," and who therefore deny free will and accountability. Even as sound a thinker as Mr. Bernard, whose book is rightly, as he calls it, "an essay in constructive biology," who in his theory of group development has opened a new biological and even sociological field of capital importance, who explicitly recognizes the psychical accompaniment of physical force as something distinct from it, and whose final chapter on the integration of the human aggregate shows that he has a far nobler view of life than any mere materialist can have, yet falls into the great mistake of denying freedom of the will, merely because he with his finite material intelligence cannot understand it. Dr. Dwight is right in his attitude toward the scientific men who thus assume that there is no freedom of the will because on a material basis it is not explicable. Whenever any so-called scientific men develop as an abstract proposition a theory in accordance with which it would be quite impossible to conduct the affairs of mankind for so much as twenty-four hours, the wise attitude of really scientific men would be to reject that theory, instead of following the example of the, I fear not wholly imaginary, scientist who, when told that the facts did not fit in with his theory, answered, "So much the worse for the facts." M. Bergson, in his "Creative Evolution," has brought out with convincing clearness the great truth that the human brain, so able to deal with purely material things, and with sciences, such as geometry, in which thought is concerned only with unorganized matter, works under necessarily narrow limitations—limitations in reality very, very narrow, and never to be made really broad by mere intellect—when it comes to grasping any part of the great principle of life. Reason can deal effectively only with certain categories. True wisdom must necessarily refuse to allow reason to assume a sway outside of its limitations; and where experience plainly proves that the intellect has reasoned wrongly, then it is the part of wisdom to accept the teachings of experience, and bid reason be humble—just as under like conditions it would bid theology be humble. A certain school of Greek philosophers was able to prove logically that there was not, and could not be, any such thing as motion, and that, even if there were, it was quite impossible logically for a pursuing creature ever to overtake a fleeing creature which was going at inferior speed; but all that was really accomplished by this teaching was to prove the need of much greater intellectual humility on the part of those who believed that they were capable of thinking out an explanation for everything. Mr. Bernard ought not to have been caught in such a dilemma, because of the very fact that he does not cast in his lot with the crass materialists; for he admits that there are many things we do not know, that there is much which our intelligence—necessarily functioning in material fashion—cannot understand. It is just as idle for a man to try to explain everything in the moral and spiritual world by that which he is able to apprehend of the material world as it would be for a polyp to try to explain the higher emotions of mankind in terms of polyp materialism. Not only would it be quite impossible to conduct even the lowest form

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of civil society without practical acknowledgment of free will and accountability—an acknowledgment always made in practice by every single individual of those who deny it in theory—but even in their writings the very men who deny free will and accountability inevitably and continually use language which has no meaning except on the supposition that both of them exist. Mr. Bernard, for instance, on the same page on which he denies freedom of the will makes an impatient plea for just laws, and explains that by "just laws" he means laws that are in accordance with the highest conceptions of human relationships; he complains that the legal idea of justice is invariably far behind that of our psychic perceptions; and elsewhere, as on page 457, he speaks of the "duties" of man and of his "moral perceptions," and on page 473 he asks for perfection of the community, so that "social life worked out by the highest wisdom of mankind will at once rise to a newer and higher physical and psychic level." All of this is meaningless if there are no such things as freedom of the will and accountability; and it goes to show that even a profound and original thinker, if he has dwelt too long in the realms where the pure materialist is king, needs to pay heed to M. Bergson's pregnant saying that "pure reasoning needs to be supervised by common sense, which is an altogether different thing." A part, and an essential part, of the same truth is expressed by Mr. Taylor when he paraphrases St. Augustine in insisting that "the truths of love are as valid as the truths of reason."

Dr. Dwight and the many men whose habits of thought are similar to his perform a real service when they keep people from being led astray by the mischievous dogmas of those who would give to each passing and evanescent phase of materialistic scientific thought a dogmatic value; and our full acknowledgment of this service does not in the least hinder us from also realizing and acknowledging that the advance in scientific discovery, which has been and will be of such priceless worth to mankind, cannot be made by men of this type, but only by the bolder, more self-reliant spirits, by men whose unfettered freedom of soul and intellect yields complete fealty only to the great cause of truth, and will not be hindered by any outside control in the search to attain it. A brake is often a useful and sometimes an indispensable piece of equipment of a wagon; but it is never as important as the wheels. As the University of Wisconsin declared when Dr. Richard T. Ely was tried for economic heresy, "In all lines of investigation the investigator must be absolutely free to follow the paths of truth wherever they may lead."

It is always a difficult thing to state a position which has two sides with such clearness as to bring it home to the hearers. In the world of politics it is easy to appeal to the unreasoning reactionary, and no less easy to appeal to the unreasoning advocate of change, but difficult to get people to show for the cause of sanity and progress combined the zeal so easily aroused against sanity by one set of extremists and against progress by another set of extremists. So in the world of the intellect it is easy to take the position of the hard materialists who rail against religion, and easy also to take the position of those whose zeal for orthodoxy makes them distrust all action by men of independent mind in the search for scientific truth; but it is not so easy to make it understood that we both acknowledge our inestimable debt to the great masters of science, and yet are keenly alive to their errors and decline to surrender our judgment to theirs when they go wrong. It is imperative to realize how very grave their errors are, and how foolish we should be to abandon our adherence to the old ideals of duty toward God and man without better security than the more radical among the new prophets can offer us. The very blindest of those new scientific prophets are those whose complacency is greatest in their belief that the material key is that which unlocks all the mysteries of the universe, and that the finite mind of man can, not merely understand, but pass supercilious judgment upon, these mysteries. Mr. Wallace stands in honorable contrast to the men of this stamp. No one has criticised with greater incisiveness what he properly calls "the vague, incomprehensible, and offensive assertions of the biologists of the school of Haeckel." He shows his scientific superiority to these men by his entire realization of the limitations of the human intelligence, by his realization of the folly of thinking that we have explained what we are simply unable to understand when we use such terms as "infinity of time" and "infinity of space" to cover our ignorance; and he stands not far away from the school of MM. Boutroux and Bergson, and, old man though he is, comes near the attitude of the more

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serious among the younger present-day scientific investigators—of the stamp of Professor Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History—in his readiness to acknowledge that the materialistic and mechanical explanations of the causes of evolution have broken down, and that science itself furnishes an overwhelming argument for "creative power, directive mind, and ultimate purpose" in the process of evolution.

The great distinguishing feature of the centuries immediately past has been the extraordinary growth in man's knowledge of, and power to understand and command, his own physical nature and his physical surroundings in the universe. It is this growth which so sharply distinguishes modern civilization, the civilization which we may roughly date as beginning about the time of Columbus's voyage, from all preceding civilizations; and it has not only immeasurably increased man's power over nature, but, when rightly understood, has also measurably added to his inner dignity and worth, and to his power and command over things spiritual no less than material. This conquest could have been achieved only by men who dared to follow wherever their longing for the truth led them, and who were masters of their own consciences, and as little servile to the past as to the present. But no such movement for the uplifting of mankind ever has taken place, or ever will or can take place, without being fraught also with great dangers to mankind. Our hope lies in progress, for if we try to remain stationary we shall surely go backwards; and yet as soon as we leave the ground on which we stand in order to advance there is always danger that we shall plunge into some abyss.

Naturally, the men who have taken the lead in these extraordinary material discoveries have often tended to think that there is nothing to discover or to believe in except what is material. Much of the growth in our understanding of nature has been due to men whose high abilities were nevertheless rigidly limited in certain directions. Our knowledge of solar systems so inconceivably remote that the remoteness is itself unreal to our senses; our knowledge of animate and inanimate forces working on a scale so infinitesimal and yet so powerful as to be almost impossible for our imaginations to grasp; our knowledge of the æons through which life has existed on this planet; the extraordinary advances in knowledge denoted by the establishment of such doctrines as those of gravitation and of evolution; in short, the whole enormous incredible advance in knowledge of the physical universe and of man's physical place in that universe, has been due to the labor of students whose special tastes and abilities lay in the direction of dealing with what is purely material. Their astounding success, and the far-reaching, indeed the stupendous, importance of their achievements, have naturally tended to make those among them who possess genuine but narrow ability, whose minds are keen but not broad, assume an attitude of hard, arrogant, boastful, self-sufficient materialism; a mental attitude which glorifies and exalts its own grievous shortcomings and its inability to perceive anything outside the realm of the body. This attitude is as profoundly repellent as that of the civil and ecclesiastical reactionaries, the foes of all progress, against whom these men profess to be in revolt; and, moreover, it is an attitude which is itself as profoundly unscientific as any of the anti-scientific attitudes which it condemns. The universal truth can never be even imperfectly understood or apprehended unless we have the widest possible knowledge of our physical surroundings, and unless we fearlessly endeavor to find out just what the facts and the teachings of these physical surroundings are; but neither will it ever be understood if the physical and material explanations of life are accepted as all-sufficient. By none is this more clearly recognized than by the most acute and far-sighted of the investigators into physical conditions. Says Mr. Bernard: "There are psychic elements wholly different in kind from the physical elements . . . [they] constitute, in a way impossible to define, a new character, quality, element—or shall we at once boldly borrow a term from mathematics and call it a new 'dimension' of our environment, hitherto three-dimensional? These various mental conditions lead us to believe that at any moment, while being driven through this three-dimensional environment, we may also be plunged into a psychic condition which hangs like an atmosphere over our particular physical surroundings."

Not only every truly religious but every truly scientific man must turn with relief from the narrowness of a shut-in materialism to the profound and lofty thought contained in the writings of William James, of his biographer, M. Émile Boutroux, and of another

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philosopher of the same school, M. Bergson. M. Boutroux's study of William James gives in brief form—and with a charm of style and expression possible only for those who work with that delicate instrument of precision, French prose—the views which men of this stamp hold; and be it remembered that, like James, they are thoroughly scientific men, steeped in the teachings of material science, who acknowledge no outside limitation upon them in their search for truth. They have a far keener understanding of the world of matter than has been attained by the purely materialistic scientists, just because, in addition, they also understand that outside of the purely physical lies the psychic, and that the realm of religion stands outside even of the purely psychic. M. Boutroux's book on "Science and Religion" has been translated into English—and we owe a real debt of gratitude to Messrs. Nield and Mitchell for their excellent translations of MM. Boutroux and Bergson. There is much talk of the conflict between science and religion. The inherent absurdity of such talk has never been better expressed than by M. Boutroux when he says that such opposition "is the result of our defining both science and religion in an artificial manner by, on the one hand, identifying science with physical science, and, on the other hand, assuming that religion consists in the dogmas which merely symbolize it." M. Boutroux's book, like M. Bergson's "Creative Evolution," must be read in its entirety; mere extracts and condensations cannot show the profound philosophic acumen with which these men go to the heart of things, and prove that science itself, if correctly understood, renders absurd the harsh and futile dogmatism of many of those who pride themselves upon being, above all things, scientific. For, as these writers point out, the work of the scientist is conditioned upon the existence of the free determination of a spirit which, dominating the scientific spirit, believes also in an æsthetic and moral ideal. They see the material, the physical body, in its relation to other physical bodies; and back of and beyond the physical they see life itself, consciousness, which is to be conceived of as something always dynamic and never static, as a "stream of consciousness," a "becoming."

As M. Boutroux finely says, religion gives to the individual his value and treats him as an end in himself, no less than treating him from the standpoint of his duties to other individuals. This philosophy is founded on a wide and sympathetic understanding of the facts of the material world, a frank acceptance of evolution and of all else that modern science has ever taught; and so those who profess it are in a position of impregnable strength when they point out that all this in no shape or way interferes with religion and with Christianity, because, as they hold, evolution in religion has merely tended to disengage it from its own gross and material wrapping, and to leave unfettered the spirit which is its essence. To them Christianity, the greatest of the religious creations which humanity has seen, rests upon what Christ himself teaches; for, as M. Boutroux phrases it, the performance of duty is faith in action, faith in its highest expression, for duty gives no other reason, and need give no other reason, for its existence than "its own incorruptible disinterestedness." The idea thus expressed is at bottom based on the same truth to which expression is given by Mr. Taylor when he says: "The love of God means not despising but honoring self; and for Christians on earth the true love of God must show itself in doing earth's duties and living out earth's full life, and not in abandoning all for dreams, though the dreams be of Heaven." To men such as William James and these two French philosophers physical science, if properly studied, shows conclusively its own limitations, shows conclusively that beyond the material world lies a vast series of phenomena which all material knowledge is powerless to explain, so that science itself teaches that outside of materialism lie the forces of a wholly different world, a world ordered by religion—religion which, says M. Boutroux, must, if loyal to itself, work according to its own nature as a spiritual activity, striving to transform men from within and not from without, by persuasion, by example, by love, by prayer, by the communion of souls, not by restraint or policy; and such a religion has nothing to fear from the progress of science, for the spirit to which it is loyal is the faith in duty, the search for what is for the universal good and for the universal love, the secret springs of all high and beneficent activity.

It is striking to see how these two gifted Frenchmen, by their own road, reach substantially the same conclusion, which, by a wholly different method, and indeed in treating religion from a wholly different standpoint, is also reached by the President of

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Bowdoin College. Mr. Hyde's short volume combines in high degree a lofty nobility of ethical concept with the most practical and straightforward common-sense treatment of the ways in which this concept should be realized in practice. Each of us must prescribe for himself in these matters, and one man's need will not be wholly met by what does meet another's; personally, this book of President Hyde's gives me something that no other book does, and means to me very, very much.

We must all strive to keep as our most precious heritage the liberty each to worship his God as to him seems best, and, as part of this liberty, freely either to exercise it or to surrender it, in a greater or less degree, each according to his own beliefs and convictions, without infringing on the beliefs and convictions of others. But the professors of the varying creeds, the men who rely upon authority, and those who in different measures profess the theory of individual liberty, can and must work together, with mutual respect and with self-respect, for certain principles which lie deep at the base of every healthy social system. As Bishop Brent says: "The only setting for any one part of the truth is all the rest of the truth. The only relationship big enough for any one man is all the rest of mankind." Abbot Charles, of St. Leo Abbey, in Florida, has recently put the case for friendly agreement among good men of varying views, when he summed up a notably fine address in defense—as he truly says, *friendly* defense—of his own Church by enunciating the plea for "true peace founded on justice," worked out in accordance with what he properly calls one of the "dearest blessings that Heaven can give, the spirit that springs from religious liberty." However widely many earnest and high-minded men of science and many earnest and high-minded men of religious convictions may from one side or the other disagree with the teachings of the earnest and high-minded students of philosophy whom I have quoted, yet surely we can all be in agreement with the fundamentals on which their philosophy is based. Surely we must all recognize the search for truth as an imperative duty; and we ought all of us likewise to recognize that this search for truth should be carried on, not only fearlessly, but also with reverence, with humility of spirit, and with full recognition of our own limitations both of the mind and the soul We must stand equally against tyranny and against irreverence in all things of the spirit, with the firm conviction that we can all work together for a higher social and individual life if only, whatever form of creed we profess, we make the doing of duty and the love of our fellow-men two of the prime articles in our universal faith. To those who deny the ethical obligation implied in such a faith we who acknowledge the obligation are aliens; and we are brothers to all those who do acknowledge it, whatever their creed or system of philosophy.

NOTE.—In this article I am not dealing with Mr. Wallace's book or any of the other books save as they affect one phase of the philosophy of life; but I am unwilling to speak in such strong commendation of part of what Mr. Wallace says without indicating my equally emphatic dissent from very much else that he says. It is, in the first place, somewhat disconcerting to a student who has always been accustomed to pay much heed to Mr. Wallace's writings to find him treating seriously the grotesque imposture of the post-mortem poem of Poe—dead or alive, Poe would never have written such poor verses! In the next place, Mr. Wallace falls into the very error of the Haeckel school, which he so strongly condemns, when he dogmatically assumes the all-sufficiency of natural selection in its neo-Darwinian sense to explain the riddle of life in the universe; and, above all, when he indulges in rash and thoroughly unscientific generalizations from imperfectly known, and probably misunderstood, facts, and, what is even worse, when he makes what are pure guesses and then treats these guesses as facts which support his theories. Two examples will show what I mean:

One of his favorite theories is that of "recognition marks." He states that the horns of antelope have been developed to serve as such recognition marks, and in this volume gives plates showing the heads of twelve species of antelopes to illustrate his theory. Now of course recognition marks to be of any real value to a species must appear in the female as well as in the male; yet this elementary fact has so totally escaped Mr. Wallace's view that in nine of the species he figures the females are hornless, or with horns so insignificant that they could be of no value for the purpose supposed. Another of his species, the hartebeest, has horns in both sexes, but they are rather small and not conspicuous, whereas the antelope itself is in both shape and color exceedingly conspicuous and practically impossible to mistake for any other antelope; while its habits are such that in actual life it would be quite impossible for the individuals to fail to recognize one another, wholly without regard to the question of the horns, under any normal circumstances; and, in the enormous majority of cases, they would recognize one another at such a distance that the horns would be but indistinctly seen—the young hartebeests have them only as stubs, and yet are just as quickly and easily recognized as the adults. In but one of the dozen antelopes instanced by Mr. Wallace, the oryx, is there the slightest chance that the horns could serve as recognition marks. Even in this case I do not for a moment imagine that they so serve, or that there would be the slightest need met by their so serving, and they could never so serve save in fully adult animals. In the deer family the antlers are usually borne only by the male, and by him for but a part of the year; and in the majority of antelopes the females and young wholly lack these "recognition marks." My point is not merely that there is probably not the slightest foundation for Mr. Wallace's theory as regards antelopes' horns, but that it shows a very unscientific spirit to advance in dogmatic fashion such a theory without any adequate study of the subject, and without any attempt to get sufficient evidence, or, indeed, to get any evidence that has any bearing on the subject at all.

Again, in the case of the Porto Santo rabbits, Mr. Wallace believes that in four hundred and fifty years what is practically a new species of rabbit has been evolved on

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OUT

BY KEENE ABBOTT

SLEET is falling, and as the old man laboriously walks along, the grit of ice crunches under foot like spilled sugar. He slips from time to time, but is not afraid of falling down, even though he is not yet accustomed to his new shoes.

Temporarily he has grown young; he is almost brisk in his movements. As for the cutting wind, it doesn't amount to anything. His thin legs have such a new strength to-day that he does not care how much the skirt of his overcoat may go flapping against them; he almost likes it, this whipping of the prison overcoat which the warden of the penitentiary had the kindness to give him.

Not a bad man, the warden. He makes the convicts work hard at contract labor, but, all the same, he is human. The overcoat had been his, and was not much worn. The velvet collar, to be sure, had grown shiny, moths had eaten into the cloth, and the lower button was gone. But no matter about that. A very good coat.

Although the boisterous storm pushed and fumbled him; although the sleet fell with rasping sound against a stiff and tattered poster that was curling down from the corner of a billboard and trying to flap loose, the old man did not mind the wind. He breathed deep of the cutting air. It was cold, yes, but the odor of it was good to the throat and lungs, and, blowing across wet, cedar-block pavements, the storm had a clean, sharp tang, almost like the acid odor of a vinegar barrel. Very different from the sultry, stale old smell of a prison. This was the smell of freedom!

Bent forward and trudging steadfastly along, the old man sometimes thrust his hand between the top buttons of his coat and felt in the pocket of his new jacket. His discharge paper was there, stiff and neatly folded, and in his trousers pocket were five silver dollars, some loose change, and also a five-dollar bill that the State had given him.

It would not do to spend any of his money. He must keep it, save it carefully, make it last until he should have work. Although a hot toddy at such a time as this would taste good, he of course did not need a hot toddy.

With his new suit of clothes and underwear, with his new shoes and his overcoat, he was quite warm enough. He was comfortable, so comfortable that he scarcely felt the pricking of ice on his wrinkled face.

They were, it is true, a little rough on him, those grains of wind-driven sleet, but what of it? They did not really matter, for he was out of prison. He was free!

Having behaved well, he had got credit for good conduct and had been released a whole year earlier than the seven years' term of his sentence. And, thank the Lord, he was not broken down! He was still good for something. He could work.

Thus he was reflecting as he went along, until by and by he came to realize that even new shoes cannot stand so much sloppy weather. The soles were soaked through, his feet were getting wet, and the worst of it was that he still had some distance to go. Perhaps, then, it would have been better to ride on the street car. But, no; why waste five cents? He would keep his money, all of it, so that presently, when he got to his son's house, he could say in a loud voice:

"Look here, Joe, I save my money. I don't spend anything. I keep it."

this little island purely by the process of natural selection. Doubtless he is correct in the statement that the Porto Santo rabbit is now so different from the ordinary rabbit that it may be recognized as a "species." It is also *possible* that the result has arisen, as he says, purely by natural selection, operating as he describes. But there is no *proof* that this is the case; and yet he not only assumes such proof, and assumes that a new species has been formed purely by natural selection, but professes to give "the exact causes" which produced the new species, and to show how "nature actually works," in accordance with the survival of the fittest doctrine. The simple reading of his own statement shows that he has not based it on a single fact, but on a number of pure guesses unsubstantiated by any observation. He guesses that a number of things must have occurred, without even attempting to say that there is any proof that any one of them actually did occur; and he then calmly speaks as if these guesses were actual facts: and, finally, he compares this conglomerate of guesses with a notable instance of accurately recorded observations affecting sparrows, where what we have to deal with are not guesses at all but facts carefully and accurately recorded by Professor H. C. Bumpus, of Brown University. The point I wish to make is not that Mr. Wallace's guess as to the formation of a new species in Porto Santo by natural selection is necessarily wrong; on the contrary, it may be that it is right. But Mr. Wallace, after having guessed that this is the case, then manufactures out of whole cloth a series of other guesses as a foundation for his first guess, and proceeds to treat these guesses as if they were observed facts. Any position more utterly unscientific could not possibly be imagined, and it is astounding to find one of the leaders of modern scientific thought, a man looked up to as such, willing to base his thought on guesswork no better than that of the average mediæval schoolman or Greek philosopher.

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His grandchildren would hear that, and then, right off, they would have respect for him.

In the meantime: shove along, old boy! He still had a mile and a quarter to go. But what is a mile and a quarter? A mere nothing. To a man like him, able-bodied and sound, it is exercise, just exercise, a nice little walk!

All the same, it would be easier on him, very much so, if only the storm wasn't quite so stout. When such a wall of wind presses upon a man, the best he can do is to edge himself against it, or else turn his back, in order to draw breath. Then he can look at the city that he is leaving behind.

Yonder it lies, stretched out in the blurring sleet. Tall buildings, church steeples, the clock-tower, and the dome of the court-house have become bluish phantoms in the racing obscurity of storm; here and there a vacant lot bristles with gray sunflower stalks—tall, quivering spines, with frantic rags of newspaper and show-bills caught among them. Black smoke from distant stacks and brick chimneys is swept downward toward the ground, and is suddenly lost, as though the wind were eating it up.

While the old man regards that scene of cold austerity he shivers, perceives that the afternoon is waning, and then hearkens while a bell, remotely heard, rings five frosty strokes in tones so choked by storm that they are scarcely audible. So, then, it is growing late, and he must hurry on. He would like to reach his son's house by six o'clock, for at that hour the family would be together, a hot meal on the table, and when he knocked . . .

The old man stopped short, being gripped suddenly by a strange misgiving. For, see here, now: suppose Joe and his folks had moved away? What if the house were vacant? Suppose another family, a family of strangers, had moved in?

But no; what nonsense to think of such things, to cross bridges before you get to them! What could be wrong with him that he had come to fuss so, and worry like an old woman? For truly it would not be very bad for him even if Joe's family *had* moved away, because in that case he could go to the house of Matilda, his married daughter.

Only he did not like her stingy husband. And as for Lewis, his younger son, Lewis was all right, if only he didn't have such a stylish woman for a wife. They lived in an expensive flat, as is perfectly suitable for a floor-walker in a big store, but probably it was no good place, that flat, for a common workingman.

Well, no matter; never mind. There's no need to get up any anxiety. Move on, keep moving—that's the thing to do.

Steadily the old man tramps along. His wet shoes grow more and more flabby in the slush, drops keep falling from his hat-brim, and his big overcoat has absorbed so much water that now it weighs heavily upon his shoulders.

The storm apparently has no idea of shifting about, and yet it would make much easier walking if the wind could be brought to push from behind instead of pushing from the front. Still, everything considered, it was not so bad. The reward would be all the greater, the welcome doubly appreciated, when at last he should reach his son's house!

Nevertheless, he has to pause from time to time for a breathing-spell. And this frightens him. Something seems to be holding him back, and there is such a foreboding in his heart that he dreads to go on.

Or perhaps it is merely that a trembling has got into the muscles of his legs. Yes, that is it; a little feebleness, for he is so unused to walking!

There was a time, however, when nothing like this could happen to him. He remembers how, years ago, when a young man, he would walk five miles to a dance, hoof it all night long, be at his work in the morning, and then work hard all day.

The recollection calls up familiar faces, and he wonders what has become of them. Where are they now, those young people whom he used to see at the dances?

Young? It is hard to think that now they are no longer what they used to be in the jolly days gone by. Not young any more; yes, that's so—not young! They too have been growing old; the years have bent them down and wrinkled them, and perhaps some of them, even those with the freshest faces—dead, perhaps, but not convicts, not thieves; no, he would not think that! He was the only one of that kind, he himself!

But so! Come, now, no more of this! Sadness is no good; it can't buy a man anything. Better to be cheerful. Better to think only of the welcome that is awaiting him, if there *is* a welcome.

Of course, *certainly* there will be one! He is sure of it. He lifts his head, steps more

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briskly, convinces himself that everything is all right.

One circumstance in particular is helping him to pleasanter thoughts. The wind is dying. Under wet eyebrows he looks about into the animated silence of the falling flakes. Sleet, he perceives, has been turning into snow; it furs the roofs with whiteness, feathers the fence-posts, tufts the weed-stalks with rabbit tails, and gives a touch of purity to shabby sheds, awnings, and warehouses.

Good gracious, what a spell of weather! What a day of storminess! Yet in the morning, at eight o'clock, when he left the prison, the early April sun was shining. To him it was especially bright, since the guard did not have to go with him to the station. He was allowed to go by himself.

That, you see, is what comes of being trusted. And instead of buying his railway ticket for him, they gave him the money to get it for himself. This, too, was an advantage, for if he traveled by the Interurban line he would be saving eighty cents.

It made the old man proud to think the warden should have faith in him, but, for all that, it had not been easy to earn such a reputation. Once, in particular, he came very near breaking the rules. Three years ago, come April 16, some woman visitor at the penitentiary had dropped a violet in the prison yard, a fleck of purple on a white curbstone; he saw it, he wanted to pick it up, he thought about it all day long. Then, in the evening, when the long file of gray-clad convicts were marching in to supper, he had made up his mind to risk stooping down for the flower. And the chance came, a good chance, when none of the guards were looking at him. But no; he did not get the bonnie bloom. It was gone.

Perhaps, though, that was just as well. Very likely the violet would have been all faded. And, besides, the owning of such a pretty thing might have made him feel bad.

This was the trouble with him: he had such a faculty for feeling bad! It came natural to him. He even regretted leaving the prison on account of the two gray rats, Tom and Jerry, that were pets of his. He saw them first when he was pumping stagnant water out of an old caved-in cistern at the east end of the cell-house. They were afraid of him at first, but afterward he got acquainted with them. He used to slip bread under his blouse and feed them and talk to them. It is really astonishing what a good friend a rat can be!

Excellent bread it was, and the bake-shop roof, especially around the chimney flue, would melt the snow away, even though the flakes might fall as fast as they were falling now. And the good, steamy odor of the browning loaves, when that warm fragrance escaped from the big oven into the prison yard, was such a nice smell that the very thought of it began to make him hungry.

Suddenly he discovered an appetite. And truly he would have eaten something before this if only he had remembered about it. Hot pancakes, with honey or maple syrup on them, were delicacies he had long dreamed about; fellow-prisoners used to joke him about them, and in the last month, when he did not have to be shaved any more, and could let his bristly gray beard grow out, his friends would look at him, smack their lips, and perhaps whisper, "Almost time," or "How much longer?" or "Look out for belly-ache!"

Strange, then, that when the time did actually come for him to have his pancakes he had foolishly forgotten all about them. Excitement—that's what excitement will do. He had been so excited about his release! But here at last he remembered that he had not tasted food since breakfast-time at the prison, and then only a little. How very nonsensical to have acted like that! For now he was growing hungrier and hungrier. Saliva flowed into his mouth, a rasping emptiness was making him weak, and the wet snow was more and more heavily clogging his feet and balling under his heels.

"I am strong," he told himself, "only I should have eaten. If Phroney was alive, she would scold me when she found out about this. I would have to make out that I had eaten a good dinner."

He began to think of her, his wife, who used to bother so much about having him take care of his health. She was all right, a good woman to work, but too strong on prayers and piousness. Lewis was like her in that respect, but Joe was . . . Well, thank God, he had learned a trade; he was a plumber, not a common laborer, and a steady man, even if he did drink a little too much. Not a church-goer, but a steady man. Phroney loved him, too—loved him more than her other son; for Joe was merry and sociable and had a hearty laugh, and was always a great hand for joking and teasing. He

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annoyed his mother a lot, but was kind to her too; he bought her presents. Once he got her a beautiful Paisley shawl for Christmas.

The old man smiled at the pretty remembrance, and then suddenly began to laugh at another recollection. For once Joseph had washed his mother's face with snow. It made her sputter so with anger that she even called him a bad name, and then cried because she had called him that name. It was new, soft snow, exactly like this that was falling now; this, he thought, might be the very same snow, it looked so much like that other.

Only the years have been passing by since then, the heavy, heavy years! Five winters ago she was put to earth, and yet he could scarcely believe it. He had felt, and still felt, that presently, when he should reach the house, she would surely be there to receive him, and be ready for him with a pair of dry stockings, neatly darned and warmed by the kitchen fire.

When she was alive, the letters always came regularly to him at the prison. But since she . . . Well, no matter about the letters. The boys were busy. They have no time for writing; and, besides, it is a hardship for them to write; they don't know what to say in a letter, and keep putting it off. But it is not so with a man's wife. She can write, as she can talk, about anything at all, and it doesn't require much to get her started.

Queer bodies, women! They can make themselves believe any kind of a lie. Phroney was like that. She would always believe that he had been wrongfully convicted. Silly girl, she would not listen to reason, to facts! She *would* have it that he was an innocent man, maliciously persecuted. Yet, at the county jail, before they took him away, he used to say to her:

"Phroney, you know very well how it was. Hard times. The strike. All of us men-folks out of work, with you and Joe's wife losing your strength. Yes, and our grandchildren, the boy and girl, looking thin and sickly. Well, one day they are picking things to eat out of a barrel in the alley behind the restaurant. Maybe you sent them to do that, or maybe their mother sent them. Well, anyhow, I see them at it, and I bring them home on my shoulders, and I feel how awful light they are—they, my little grandchildren! That makes me mad. I take a brick and go break a jeweler's window. I was shrewd about it. I got half a peck of watches and jewelry. I done that, Phroney. I done it, and got convicted, and got sent up."

Even then she wouldn't believe it. That's what women are like. You can't make them have sense if they don't want to have it. If they love you, they won't believe anything bad about you. Phroney was that way. She was always like a girl, and not yet sixty when she died. So young a woman in her heart, but when grief comes—

There, there! Brace up! No more sad thoughts.

Only he could not help remembering how the sewing-machine went to the second-hand man, then the old big clock, then the dining-room table. She bargained and bargained about it all, she seemed not to care, and then cried like a baby when the things were all gone.

A man can't understand such silliness; but women are women, and you have to let them cry, and take on, and pray all they want to; for they are brave, too; they can be ever so plucky when it comes to a pinch. They know how to hearten a man. All through the trial she stood it like a rock, Phroney did. Her boys and her daughter and her daughter-in-law might break down, but not she. Phroney kept up, showed nerve. A regular soldier.

Well, yes, but she lasted only a year after that. Trouble had been too much for her, and that is why she would not be there, waiting for him, now that he was coming home from prison.

Then why, if you rightly consider it, why should he go on? He did not want to be a burden to anybody. And he reflected that during his long absence two more children had been born in his son's house. It might be that now there would be no room for him, while back yonder, at the penitentiary, there was such a lot of room!

He had stopped short, and, standing here in the half-whispered darkness of the falling snow, he began to think more and more about the prison. Tom and Jerry, those pets of his, would surely miss him. As for the lonesomeness of being locked up, that needn't bother anybody, once he gets used to it. Perhaps, then, it was a mistake for him, an old man, to be going home.

Although there remained but a few blocks for him to walk, and although yellow lamplight through neighboring windows had begun to twinkle out like fireflies in the snowy darkness, he still paused to meditate.

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The bluish arc globe above him at the street intersection hummed and sputtered; the down-balancing snow atoms in their flood of hesitating hurry cast dancing flecks of shadow upon the sheeted earth, and all about in the wet air was the tinkle and drip-drip-dripping of water into the tin drain-pipes.

The thaw, however, was almost at an end. It was growing colder. The pillow-like porch roofs had taken on a fringe of icicles that glittered in the pale radiance like long needles and thick blades.

Gradually the old man had come to feel keenly the pinch of the cold. Sweat, it is true, was still running down his forehead, but his feet were like chunks of tallow, and he began to clap one against the other to warm them.

Maybe, he reflected, it was wrong to stand still. Why do it, then? Why stand here like this when it is so easy to catch cold? The thought frightens him; he breathes fast, he feels the quick and labored pulsing of his arteries, but still he cannot make up his mind to drag himself away. Reluctant to go on, unwilling to return, doubting, debating what he had better do, and alarmed that such feebleness has overtaken him, he leans against a telephone pole for a little rest.

Of course it wasn't right; it was all nonsense to be so tired out. He might even get sick, and then everything would be bad.

Standing there at the corner, and thinking of all this, he presently heard a clanking noise, as if some lengths of iron pipe might be jolting and striking together. This was accompanied by the muffled clack of a wagon. What kind of a wagon? the old man wondered, and waited to see. He did not hope for anything. He dared not hope. But that did not prevent him from looking sharp to see how driver and blanketed horse were both coated thick with snow. And since the animal slowed at the crossing he could even read the name which appeared in yellow letters upon the side of the vehicle.

Queer about that. Familiarly strange, that name! They may give you a number, and let you be known only by your number, but still you do not forget your name. And if you see it in yellow letters on a plumber's conveyance, it looks out on you like the face of a friend.

But the man on the wagon-seat, who was that? The old fellow looked expectantly up with such a startled air that the driver, settled corpulently in his heavy overcoat, glanced sidewise down from under his snowy hat-brim. Then, quite violently, horse and vehicle stopped short. Clumsily, like a bear, the big fellow plumped to the ground, and straightway each of his great strong hands went thwacking down upon the shoulders of the old man.

"It's you, then, you!" an astonished voice was stammering. "How did you come in? What road? In your letter you said ——. And I was there on time, at the Union Depot. Then I went to the Burlington. No good! You never came at 2:10, nor yet at 3:55."

"No, I . . . the Interurban, you know, it's cheaper."

"Sure thing. Of course. I never thought of that!"

With the awkwardness of emotion estranging them, not knowing what else to say, feeling mutually ashamed, as if they might have been caught in the act of shedding tears, the two men, father and son, stood looking past each other. Then it occurred to Joe that it might be a good idea to shake hands; so he did it, and afterward he kept saying over and over:

"Well, daddy . . . well, now!"

And the old man, pinching his throat with his hand, as if to keep down the choking tightness there, huskily inquired:

"The children . . . have they grown much?"

And Joe replied:

"They're waitin' for you, all dressed up as if it was Sunday. And Mag, she's jest a-spreadin' herself on a chicken dinner! And so, now . . . hike, now . . . jest you rassle yourself right up there on that wagon-seat!"

Once the two men were stiffly seated side by side, the reins struck the broad back of the little horse with a sounding smack, and off he plunged toward home, starting with such a jerk that the lengths of iron pipe, striking together with a big, jolly jolt, suddenly rang in the frosty air like bells.

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THE SPECTATOR

THE summer wanderings of the Spectator brought him to Munich just in time for the Wagner Festival. Seated in the great Prinzregenten Theater, one becomes immediately *en rapport* with the music. The scheme of decoration, with its quiet tones of gray, is soothing. The seats in the vast auditorium rise tier above tier at such an angle that each one commands an equally good view of the stage. Save for a few *loges* at the back there are only these parquet seats. One is not distracted by the arrival of beautifully gowned ladies in the galleries nor embarrassed by having opera-glasses leveled at one's bald and shining head. Only the stage, like a huge picture, is visible. The orchestra is entirely hidden, and the Spectator realized for the first time how much of his attention in the past had been wasted upon the conductor. He actually missed the familiar gestures, subduing the brass instruments with one hand, encouraging the strings with the other, and with the frantic movements of hands, body, and coat-tails bringing all up to the highest pitch at some important climax. The overture came stealing upon the senses from every direction, enveloping the audience in an invisible garment of delicious melody. Think of hearing in one opera such a galaxy of stars as Walker, Schumann-Heink, Krause, and von Barry, supported by many other scarcely lesser lights! The intermissions were spent in the lovely garden connected with the theater. Trumpeters from the roof recalled the Spectator to his place by playing some motive from the coming act.

The unprecedented heat of the summer soon made sightseeing a burden, and the Spectator with a party of friends sought coolness and quiet at Oberammergau. The change from last year was apparent when we left the main line of the railway at Mournau. No jostling crowd in which English was the predominant note. No wild scramble for seats in the primitive cars on the electric line that winds in and out among the mountains up to the famous village at its terminus. Only a few peasants shared the car with us. They were evidently starting out for their summer holidays. The women wore bright-colored skirts, black velvet bodices over which gay-colored kerchiefs were crossed, and little round hats with a bunch of feathers or a wing stuck in the band. The men were in the picturesque garb of the Tyrolese peasant—suits of gray and green, gray woolen stockings with green tops stopped just below the knees, leaving an expanse of weather-beaten flesh before the gayly embroidered trousers took up the task of continuing the costume. They wore the inevitable green felt hat with the brush of the chamois at the back. Very ornate silver watch-chains and ornaments completed their attire.

At the station at Oberammergau no peasants with flowing locks marking them as performers in the play hastened forward, eager to relieve you of your luggage. It was a deserted village, compared with last year, but a far more interesting one. Anton Lang, his wavy hair flowing over his shoulders, framing the same sweet, kindly face, was at the gate to meet us. It seemed a sacrilege for him to carry our bags and wraps into the house, for his likeness to our Saviour impressed us even more than it did in the play. When we came down to dinner with the other guests, he took his place at the head of the table, and, standing, repeated (to our surprise) the grace always used by the Moravians, "Come, Lord Jesus, and be our guest at this feast provided by thy bounty," crossing himself before and after, according to the Catholic custom. One afternoon he accompanied us to the theater where the Passion Play is given. We went to our old seats, but no stretch of the imagination could reproduce the scenes of last year. The end of the theater next to the stage, which during the play is open, giving the beautiful setting of real mountains, blue sky, and changing clouds, was all boarded in and connected by a roof with the central building where the tableaux were given. The houses of Pilate and the High Priest had disappeared, together with the streets of Jerusalem. We hurried out as quickly as possible, fearing to lose the mental picture that we had carried away last year. We inspected the rooms back of the stage, where the costumes worn by the players hang on wooden pegs, the name and part of each player being written on a neat label and pasted over the pegs. As we walked around the room reserved for Christus, the triumphant entry into Jerusalem, the Last Supper, the scourging, crucifixion, and ascension rapidly passed before our view, brought into reality by the sight of the costumes worn in each scene.

When we were in the room set apart for the twelve disciples, Anton Lang told us that it required constant care and brushing to keep the moths from destroying the costumes during the years intervening between the presentations of the play, but that it was never necessary to look after the robes of Judas, as no insects ever touched them. Its peculiar color, a combination of yellows and yellowish browns, may contain some dye that renders it distasteful to moths, but it is a strange coincidence, nevertheless. We called to renew our acquaintance with

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Judas and Mary, but found the house closed and the occupants gone to the upper mountain fields to gather in the second hay crop. One of our party was particularly anxious to see John, so the Spectator piloted them to his shop, only to meet with a second disappointment. He was away on the outskirts of the town putting the plumbing in a new house. These incidents did not, however, jar upon our feelings, but made the impressions of the play all the more real. For were not the disciples of old toiling men who wrought daily at their trades? Even Hansel, the donkey, shared the common lot of toil, being daily harnessed to a cart in which the Lang children drove about on household errands.

The Spectator is an early riser, and he set out for Ettal one morning just as the flocks and herds with their caretakers started for pasture. The melody of the tinkling bells worn by the animals, growing fainter and fainter as they climbed the mountain paths, made a real pastoral symphony. Mass was just beginning in the ornate chapel of the Ettal monastery, and the singing of the brown-robed monks fully sustained their great musical reputation. After the service and a visit to the sacristy to see the famous painting of the Virgin, it was breakfast-time. Such a breakfast! Under the shade of a great tree in front of the quaint old inn a maid in peasant costume served crisp rolls, fresh coffee—steaming hot—and Ettal honey. It may have been the long walk that had sharpened the Spectator's appetite to an unusual appreciation, but it seemed that this honey sold by the monks contained the imprisoned aroma of all the mountain flowers and was far more delicious than any he had ever eaten in Greece fresh from Hymettus.

Anton Lang and his wife were to leave in October for a visit to Palestine. They chose this time in advance of the tourist season because last year they were obliged to give up the trip on account of a most annoying experience. The travel bureau with which they had arranged to go advertised the fact as a special attraction for other tourists to join the party. The advertisements were copied into the German newspapers and were most severely commented upon. The Langs were in total ignorance of the affair until three weeks before the time of starting. When the facts were brought to their attention, they of course immediately cabled that they were unable to go. It is very evident that Anton Lang regards the part he has taken in the play as a consecration of his life, and seeks daily to exemplify the life and teachings of the Master. His patient forbearance with curious tourists and camera fiends made a profound impression upon the Spectator.

THE NEW BOOKS

Children's Book of Christmas (The). Compiled by J. C. Dier. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

Selections of all sorts—carols, tales, verses, bits of historical narrative, descriptions of customs in many lands—all pertaining to Christmas, make up a volume with large pages (about eight by ten inches), illustrated by half-tones and colored plates.

Christmas Cards and Calendars. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

A great variety of cards, novelties, and calendars for the holiday season are sent to us by these publishers. It is, naturally, impossible to consider each one by itself; but the total impression is that, year by year, an improvement is made in the preparation and printing of holiday cards. Odd and original designs and fancies are noticeable this year; while at the same time not a few of the cards and calendars are fairly entitled to praise from the point of view of art. A wide range of sizes and prices is to be found here.

Little Folks' Book of Verse. Edited by Clifton Johnson. The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. $1.

A great many of the rhymes included in "A Little Folks' Book of Verse" are, to state it mildly, not worthy to be called indifferent; but some of them are of the best. Perhaps a child can learn to discriminate between what is good and what is not by having all sorts set before him—if he has judicious aid. The illustrations are not bad.

Christmas Tree (A). By Charles Dickens. Hodder & Stoughton, New York. 50c.

Christmas Carol (A). By Charles Dickens. Hodder & Stoughton, New York. $2.

These famous stories are here presented in attractive form, the first in a little book, the second in a large book. We would call particular attention to the illustrations by Mr. A. C. Michael in "A Christmas Carol." They are peculiarly sympathetic as well as vivid.

Christmas Eve. By Washington Irving. Color pictures by Cecil Aldin. Hodder & Stoughton, New York. 50c.

One Night in Bethlehem. By W. J. Dawson. Hodder & Stoughton, New York. 75c.

One of the greatest necessities of the holiday season is something inexpensive, small in size, but extremely good in text and illustration. Such are the two little books above described.

Medieval Story. By William Witherle Lawrence. Columbia University Press, New York. $1.50.

Under this title the author, who is Associate Professor of English in Columbia University,

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has published a book of interest alike to students of literature and to the general reader. He concisely describes certain stories for us, and interprets them with apt comparisons. As a result, we see more clearly than ever a revelation from them of the birth of our modern social consciousness. Take, for example, the epic of Beowulf, and mark the advance over it of "The Song of Roland;" take the Arthurian romances and the legend of the Holy Grail; take in succession the history of Reynard the Fox, the ballads of Robin Hood, and "The Canterbury Tales." These stories illustrate mediæval conceptions of heroism, patriotism, the position of woman, courtesy, and religion, and they are a just index to the social conditions and ideals of a people.

Peter and Wendy. By J. M. Barrie. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

Those who know Peter Pan will welcome him caged in this volume, and will be pleased to find some new chapters of his experiences, and especially some account of what happened when Wendy grew up. Those who do not know Peter and Wendy and Captain Hook, and the crocodile and their other companions, may find it worth their while to become acquainted with them here. Barrie's whimsical imagination, which puzzles matter-of-fact souls, is caught by the tip of a pencil about as easily as a dream; nevertheless, the pictures in this volume are good.

All Sorts of Stories Book (The). By Mrs. Andrew Lang. Edited by Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.60.

The names of Mr. and Mrs. Lang appear on a long series of books, attractive alike in their content and their appearance, presenting more colors than the rainbow and more tales than were told by Scheherezade at the great crisis in her career. The editors, having exhausted or filled up the obvious categories of subjects in this volume, have made a kind of pot pourri of strange, weird, and entertaining tales drawn from many sources and covering the time from the hour when Queen Althea watched the burning log while Meleager was dying outside and Admetus won Alcestis for his wife, to the day when little John Wesley was saved from the fire. Older readers will welcome the generous infusion of the adventures of the famous Athos and d'Artagnan, and will find the Alexander the Great who wrote stories not a whit less wonderful in the adventures of his imagination than was Alexander the Great in his adventures of conquest. Like all its predecessors, the book is very attractively made.

Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race. By T. W. Rolleston. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $2.50.

A substantial volume which has timely interest in view of the presence of the Irish Players in this country, accompanied by Lady Gregory, whose presentation of Irish myths, legends, and folk tales has done a great deal to bring them into notice. Mr. Rolleston gives some account of the Celtic race, its history and religion, and tells the Celtic stories, beginning with the earliest myths, and under various heads retails with a good deal of detail the stories which are dear to the Irish race the world over, and which interpret the Celtic genius. Mr. Rolleston carefully differentiates the Irish from the Cymry, and treats at length the relation of the Irish to the other peoples of substantially the same blood. His volume has interest, therefore, both for the student of myths and for the lover of old stories.

Wilderness of the Upper Yukon (The). By Charles Sheldon. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

This is an account of explorations for wild sheep in the sub-Arctic mountains. In his several expeditions in the neighborhood of the sources of the Yukon and its tributaries during the past six or eight years Mr. Sheldon was sometimes alone and sometimes accompanied by such other desirable companions as Mr. Selous, the famous elephant hunter; Mr. Osgood, of the United States Biological Survey; or Mr. Carl Rungius. The last named contributes a number of capital drawings to the present volume, which includes as well a large number of original photographs of camp scenes, animal life, and scenery. Mr. Sheldon's special object was to study the bighorns in their native haunts. They present many variations in color of coat and form of horns, and many names have been given to isolated specimens. In Mr. Sheldon's opinion these variant forms blend into a single species. To confirm this opinion he hunted throughout the high Rockies from the head of Cold Creek to the sources of the MacMillan River. Mr. Sheldon is a capital type of the hunter and the naturalist in one, and he is keenly sensitive to all scenic beauty. His book—to which The Outlook will refer later and at greater length—reflects these qualities, and his narrations and descriptions have been set forth in felicitous phrase.

Basic Beliefs of Christianity (The). By James H. Snowden, D.D., LL.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

Though not in the old sense dogmatic, this book is planned on traditional lines. It sets forth the beliefs held by the majority of evangelical churches to-day, but translates them with a large degree of success into modern terms.

Checking the Waste. By Mary Huston Gregory. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $1.25.

To make the duty of conserving our natural resources—the soil, mineral deposits (including coal and petroleum), forests, water, birds, and animals—plain to the ordinary citizen may be said to be the purpose of this book. It is even more popular in style than Dr. Van Hise's excellent volume. Each chapter has a brief

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bibliography. The volume is well illustrated. Every public school should have a library, and this book should be on its shelves.

Once Upon a Time in Delaware. By Katharine Pyle. The Colonial Dames of Delaware, 1404 Franklin Street, Wilmington, Delaware. Holiday Edition, $1. School Edition, 50 cents.

This is a new book for children. It contains twelve true stories, picturesque tales of Colonial and Revolutionary history in the Diamond State, and every story has a full-page illustration and quaint head and tail pieces by Ethel Pennewill Brown. The book is unique, because it was prepared by the Delaware Society of Colonial Dames as a reader for the Delaware schools. As its possibilities and its value became evident, a holiday edition was added, with larger margins and a blue and gold binding, so that not only Delaware boys and girls, but other children outside the State, might enjoy the charmingly told and illustrated stories.

Serving the Republic. By Nelson A. Miles. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles has written his memoirs, and publishes them in a volume entitled "Serving the Republic." The book is worthy of note most particularly because it acquaints us intimately with the Indian outbreaks which occurred during the period between the Civil and the Spanish Wars, but the volume informs us somewhat as to those wars as well. The author's style is certainly not remarkable. And yet a soldier's story is sometimes marked by notable style, even although the soldier may have no pretensions to being considered a "literary man," as witness, for example, Earl Roberts's "Forty-one Years in India."

Master Painters: Reynolds, Vandyck, Titian. From the Works of John Ruskin. 3 volumes Hodder & Stoughton, New York. 50 cents per volume.

Ruskin's comment on Titian, Vandyck, and Reynolds forms the subject-matter for three small volumes; very handy little volumes too, when one wishes to get the great critic's appreciation of either one of the three great masters.

Greatest Street in the World (The). By Stephen Jenkins. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York. $3.50.

From the harbor of New York City to Albany, the capital of New York State, there stretches a very busy and interesting thoroughfare. Indeed, Mr. Stephen Jenkins calls it "The Greatest Street in the World," and uses the phrase as the title of his book on "Broadway, Old and New." Still another superlative must be added. Broadway is the longest of modern streets, and, so far as ancient highways are concerned, is surpassed by only two of them. Of course one thinks immediately of the Appian Way from Rome to Brindisi, and less quickly of Watling Street in England, from Dover and London northward to Newcastle and Carlisle. Mr. Jenkins's readable and well-illustrated volume comprises a description of the old Dutch Heere Straat from its early history until the present time. Most of the chapters have to do with it as the great artery of the metropolis, but the chapters describing the street as it passes through Westchester, Putnam, Dutchess, Columbia, and Rensselaer Counties are equally notable.

History and Problems of Organized Labor (The). By Frank Tracy Carlton, Ph.D. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. $2.

This book by Professor Carlton, of Albion College, is what its title declares it to be. The survey of the book is wide, and its spirit is judicial It falls short of what it should be in some particulars. Though, for example, it describes Halsey's wage plan, it omits all reference to Gantt's plan, which, to say the least, is equally significant, and does not mention the Taylor system of management that bears very closely upon the problems of organized labor.

Psychology of Conduct Applied to the Problem of Moral Education in the Public Schools (The). By H. H Schroeder Row, Peterson & Co., Chicago. $1.25.

As an attempt to suggest to teachers some idea of what moral training of their pupils means, this book by Professor Schroeder, of the State Normal School at Whitewater, Wisconsin, is not without decided merit; but as a guide to teachers in what they should think about ethical problems we think it inadequate. The book itself is neither so forbidding nor pretentious as its title.

Religiöse Leben in Amerika (Das). By Wilhelm Muller. Eugen Diederichs, Jena.

"Religious Life in America," the title of one of Mr. Ernest Hamlin Abbott's books, is also the title of a volume by Wilhelm Müller, just published. However instructive an American's discussion of religious life in his own country may be, its discussion by a foreigner must always have particular interest because of the foreigner's supposed detachment. This was true of Bargy's "La Religion dans la Société aux États Unis," and is true of the present volume. With a German's thoroughness, the author has studied many books on the subject which he treats, but one feels that his opinions are sincerely his own. Whether he follows the influence of Puritanism in New England, or of Quakerism, Methodism, or Roman Catholicism in the Middle States, we seem to have an individual, personal impression. Of more moment are the author's conclusions as to the religion of the future in this country; it will be, he thinks, less of a theological system, a definite cult, an ecclesiastical organization, than a *life* in the worship of God, in inward purity, in a striving for knowledge of the truth, in enthusiasm for every good thing and in warfare against every evil thing.

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BY THE WAY

The old Western Union building in New York City is to be torn down and a new twenty-six story building erected on its site. The present structure was built in 1872, and has long been as out of date as the telegraph poles which used to stand in front of it. Old New Yorkers will remember how, when the present building was erected, Broadway was lined with these poles, each strung with hundreds of wires, constituting then almost as amazing a sight as the sky-scrapers on the same street present to-day.

Railway managers are making efforts to stop waste in small things as well as great ones, says the "Railway Age Gazette." A circular entitled "Office Economies," it says, has been sent to all office employees of a certain great railway, telling how economies may be effected in the use of rubber bands and erasers, envelopes, carbon paper, postage stamps, wrapping paper, and even in the disposition of "empty ink bottles," which this thrifty railway president says have a value and should be returned to the stationer.

That progress is being made in the humanization of humanity is brought forcibly to mind by a paragraph in an English newspaper on the death of the last survivor of the "pit women" of the British coal mines. Large numbers of women and children were once employed in this exhausting and demoralizing work, the women sometimes being disguised as men to avoid the inspectors. "Pit women" now, happily, are to be found only in the somber pages of economic history.

Forty nations are to be represented in the next Olympic games, which will be held in Sweden. Even China has begun to produce athletes, and some of these will compete in the games.

One by one the cherished beliefs of our childhood are challenged. Now a German scientist tells us that Marie Antoinette's hair did not turn white in a single night, "as men's has done from fright." The hair, he says, does not become suddenly unpigmented, and the records show that Marie Antoinette's hair had turned gray many months before the day of her execution Other similar stories, he asserts, are equally without foundation.

Chicago, it is announced, is to have a huge building for conventions, shows, and sports. It will seat 35,000 people, will cover a space of 325 by 600 feet, and will be large enough for baseball and football games indoors.

"From private advices received from Japan," says "Shipping Illustrated," "it appears that State subventions have fallen a long way short of accomplishing what was expected of them in creating a ship building industry. Ship-owners are inclined to prefer the ordering of steamers from abroad." Among the reasons assigned for this are the lack of skill among ship-building artisans and the inferior system of division of labor in Japan.

Yale University is to become the possessor of the famous Shakespeare quartos and folios of the Huth collection, recently sold in London. These volumes, is announced, were purchased at private sale by Mr. Alexander S. Cochran, for the Elizabethan Club of Yale, at an estimated cost of $200,000.

A social welfare exhibit conducted by a church is a sign of the times. Such an exhibit was recently held by the First Unitarian Church of Cambridge, Massachusetts. It resulted, so reports state, in the determination to raise the efficiency of the church's social service work by employing a trained force of assistants and by keeping an office in the parish house open every day.

The Austrian Reichsrath has under consideration a bill to bring the theatrical profession under stricter State control, with a view to protecting the interests of actors and actresses. Among many provisions reported is one that "no actress with less than $2,000 a year can be asked to supply costumes needed only for the stage" Other provisions prescribe hygienic conditions in theaters, a maximum working day, a certain number of holidays, etc.

The Navy Department has prohibited the sale of chewing-gum by ship's stores, afloat and ashore. The sailors have been detected in chewing gum while on duty; hence the order. The younger men, it would appear, have been substituting gum for tobacco; and, after all, was not this a gain æsthetically? If chewing-gum is to go, why not chewing-tobacco?

Tourists who are arranging their itinerary of European travel for next season may find a worth-while suggestion in this description of the cathedral at Leon from "Quiet Days in Spain," by C. B Luffmann: "I cannot tell how this glorious pile possesses, moves, and rejoices one. Cathedrals are like human beings—some all outside show, some the embodiment of vanity; but some are lofty, grand holy, filled with the Spirit. This is Leon. Pilgrim, wherever you are, set your face toward Leon while it is day!"

"Association" football is said to be growing in popularity, as a more picturesque as well as far less dangerous game than its rival, the "Rugby" game. The American public, however, evidently still prefers the exciting struggles of masses of players, which characterize the Rugby game, to the rapid individual play of the Association game. The newspapers print pages about the Rugoy game to lines about "soccer."

Sir William White, designer of the steamship Mauretania, received the John Fitch medal lately "for notable achievement as a naval architect." This medal, which is awarded for "a great achievement in the applied sciences," has been presented to six other men—Lord Kelvin, George Westinghouse, Alexander Graham Bell, Thomas Alva Edison, Charles T. Porter, and Alfred Noble.

Photographers, jewelers, and others who use platinum, which has been growing scarcer and higher in price, will be interested in the announcement that a new metal allied to the platinum group has been found in the Kootenay region, where it is reported by the discoverer, Mr. A. G. French, a Canadian metallurgist, to exist in considerable quantities. It has been named canadium by the discoverer.

The Social Service Commission of the Episcopal Diocese of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, urges that a salaried representative of the people be employed to watch legislation and present the people's side before committees of the Legislature when hearings are being had on bills that affect women and children, hours of labor, inspection of factories, etc. At present, the Commission says, while special interests employ the best talent to influence this kind of legislation, the public is represented only by an occasional disinterested citizen, and expert help should be employed for this purpose.

Professor Percival Lowell announces the discovery of frost on Mars. Over two hundred photographs of the planet, he says, have been taken from the observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, all clearly showing the phenomenon. This means, we suppose, that the navigation season on those Martian "canals" has closed early this year.

Great Britain has added another superdreadnought, the Centurion, to her list of battle-ships. The special feature of the new vessel is the large number of water tight compartments, which will, it is believed, render her almost unsinkable.

In ten years the orange crop of California has increased 145 per cent, while the lemon crop has made a gain of 210 per cent. During the same period the orange crop of Florida increased sixteenfold, the lemon crop fourfold. California produced 14,436,000 boxes of oranges and 2,156,000 boxes of lemons in the last year of the decade; Florida, 4,853,000 boxes of oranges and 12,367 boxes of lemons in the same year

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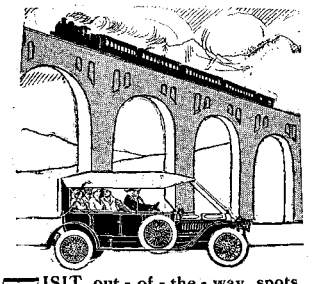

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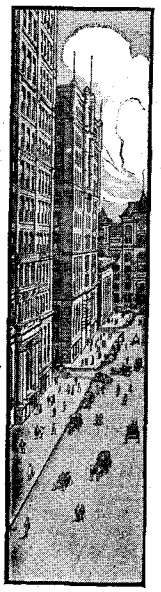

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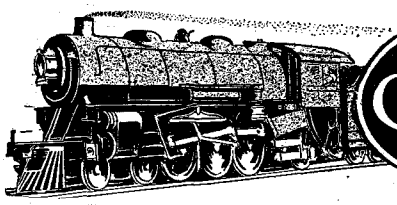

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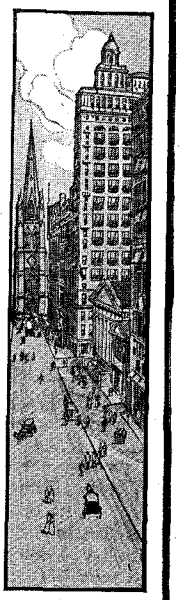

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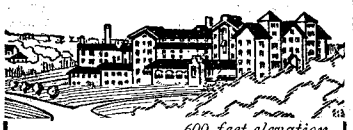

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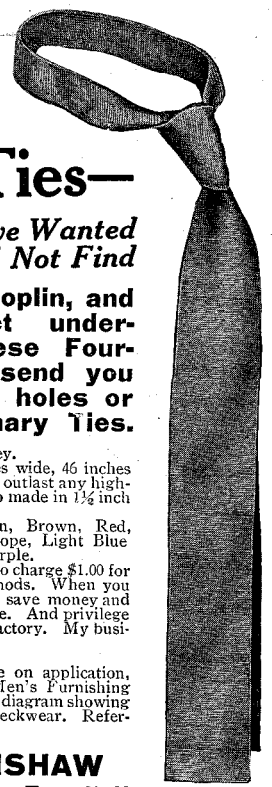

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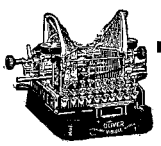

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